

AUGUST

# BUSY MAN'S



MAGAZINE



Life in Canadian  
Residential Schools

When an Emperor Ruled  
in Canada

Four Clever Short Stories  
for the Holidays

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

LIMITED

MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG & LONDON, ENG.

*Publication Office 10 Front St. E. Toronto.*

£3.00 a year

Twenty Cents a copy



# SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW

for the  
**Manufacturers  
and Shippers  
in Canada**



To get a shipping package that will protect its contents absolutely under the most trying conditions in transportation, that is at once neat in appearance, durable, cheap, strong, and light in weight, has been heretofore almost, if not quite, impossible.

Beath's Steel Keg meets every requirement of an ideal shipping package. The keg is made of steel—Black, Painted, Galvanized or Tinned as required—with a heavy U steel band top and bottom, which gives the keg great strength—herein lies the secret of the success our keg has attained. We furnish kegs "plain" or "jacketed" and in all sizes at a price that compels attention.

For over two years we have been supplying some of the largest shippers in Canada with our steel kegs and they have pronounced them the best shipping package ever invented—positively unequalled in any respect by any other kind of package.

Beath's Steel Kegs are used successfully wherever ordinary tin cans, wood kegs, barrels or boxes are used for shipping liquids, powders, pastes or bulk materials, such as oils, paints, varnishes, dry colors, white lead, putty, chemicals, soap chips, carbide, nails, bolts, washers, cement, etc., etc. In fact, their successful use is applied to so many different lines that it would be impossible to recite here even a fraction of the number.

Get down your shipping expenses and haul in transportation by using Beath's Steel Kegs. They are light, strong and durable.

Write us to-day for samples and prices. Please state what you intend to ship in the keg and we'll send you a sample keg to suit your particular requirements.

MANUFACTURED BY

## W. D. BEATH & SON

193-195 TERAULAY ST.,

TORONTO, CANADA

It is to your advantage to mention Busy Man's.

# Busy Man's Magazine

Issued monthly by

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited

John Bayne MacLean - - President

Vol. XVIII. Publication Office, 16 Front Street East, Toronto No. 3

Contents for August, 1909

## SPECIAL ARTICLES

Life in Residential Schools	- - -	W. G. Clark	23
When an Empire Rule in Canada	- - -	George F. Chisham	35
What Canada's Public Men Read	- - -	George Bryant	43
In Advance of the Pullman	- - -	Joseph Wearing	47

## SHORT STORIES

Yoke-Mates	- - -	A. P. McKishnie	65
His Unmistakable Lie	- - -	Hugh Kennedy	82
Summer "Boredom": A Lament	- - -	Grover Graham	89
The Revolt of Japan	- - -	Elizabeth L. Haskell	97
The Woman Inexplicable	- - -	H. Graham Starr	110

## HOME INTERESTS

The Benefits of Air Baths	- - -	Wm. Paul Gerhard	60
The House Fly a Poisoner	- - -	Robert Franklin	72
The Delight of Dress	- - -	- - -	128

## BUSINESS INTERESTS

The Light Side of Finance	- - -	Harry Furness	78
The Protector of Kings	- - -	Arion	94
How I Got My Start	- - -	Thomas A. Edison	106
The Necessity of a Business Training	- - -	A. S. Forbes	120

## DEPARTMENTS

Men and Events in the Public Eye	- - -	- - -	53
Of Interest to Business Managers	- - -	- - -	135
Contents of Other Magazines	- - -	- - -	140

## MISCELLANEOUS

The Rival Rain Makers of the Yukon	- - -	C. H. E. Ashworth	102
A Plea for Less Coal	- - -	George E. Walsh	115
Milions for Fun	- - -	Robert Sloan	124

Entered as second-class matter, March 26, 1896, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



CANADIAN NATIONAL ART GALLERY SERIES, No. 8

A PORTRAIT

PAINTING BY R. E. H. PRENTISS, LONDON

# The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVIII TORONTO AUGUST 1909

No. 4

## Life in Residential Schools

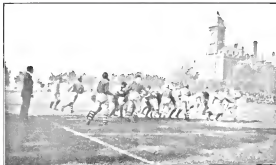
By

W. G. CLARK

EDUCATION should have one end in view, and that is to fit, equip, and strengthen young people for the duties and responsibilities of life—to make of our young men and women better and more useful citizens than their forebears. If this is not attained then the tendency of the times is retrogressive rather than progressive. In this age of culture, refinement and advancement the opportunities for securing sound, practical and thorough instruction in every avenue of endeavor and achievement were never as numerous and convenient as they are to-day.

The education of your boy or girl is an important question—equally as much so to you as to your child. The holiday season is now at its height, but, in a few weeks, there will be one engrossing problem in many a home, when thousands of young Canadians will be leaving their native towns and villages to enter some institution of learning. The point at issue is what school should they attend? It is a

question not easily answered. The boys and girls, as we prefer to call them, cannot be allowed to follow their own inclinations and predilections. Their views would, perhaps, be biased, short-sighted or influenced by considerations which, in the end, might not tend to their best moral, mental and religious welfare, or to the building up of strong, beautiful characters. Wiser counsel must prevail, and, in the final analysis, the parents should have the say. Where can the rapidly rising generation obtain the most useful, wholesome, helpful and liberal education? If the parent can afford the outlay, which ranges annually from \$200 up, according to the institution selected, I would unhesitatingly declare in residential schools, with which the Dominion is so well endowed. The demand for such centres of training and culture has increased from year to year and the need has been met by the erection of as admirably equipped, commodious, well-lighted, ventilated



AN ALL-ABSORBING EVENT IN SCHOOL LIFE

The annual football match between two schools is the most important event in the world in the minds of the boys, both players and spectators

and heated buildings, surrounded by ample grounds and affording as modern facilities as can be found anywhere in the world.

Residential schools offer much that the ordinary schools do not. The teaching in the latter may be just as good and efficient, so far as it goes, but, outside of the actual information imparted in the regular special and preparatory courses, residential schools have what is known as the atmosphere. You ask what that is, what is its meaning? It is a certain mysterious, intangible, subtle something, difficult to define. It is a broad, comprehensive attribute which may be interpreted as spirit, esprit de corps, co-operation, discipline during and after school hours, deportment, influence, environment, inspiration, ideals, the right attitude toward work, a sense of justice and fairness, honor and mastery over self; a sort of communistic centre which recognizes that every individual owes a certain duty to the home, the church, the neighborhood and the state.

The atmosphere of a well-conducted, progressively managed school is everything. It is what goodwill and a value for value reputation are to a business, what location and an air of domesticity are to a home, what an upright name and a record for integrity are to a citizen, what peace, progress and culture are to a town or city.

Exclusive of the atmosphere there are many other advantages and appointments which remain peculiarly the property or possession of the residential school—at least, until the state plan of education is widened, its scope enlarged and its efforts in the line of secondary education made more comprehensive. There are gymnasiums, swimming tanks, shower baths, large athletic grounds, race tracks, cricket creases, tennis courts, parade grounds, skating and hockey rinks, toboggan slides, libraries, reading rooms, reference works, and exercises in drill, physical culture, horse-back riding, snow-sliding and other accessories which might be mentioned.



ROUGH AND TUMBLE BOYS' SPORTS

Contestants in an obstacle race struggling through mud pegged to the ground



WHERE AGILITY COUNTS

The sack race provides much amusement to the crowds of spectators on Sports Day



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

A typical room in a Canadian girls' residential school, using all the comforts of home with all the romantic elements of school life.



THE STERNER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE

Two students in their study "plugging" for exams.

Some schools excel in certain features and some in others, but to use a colloquial expression, they all form part of the stock in trade, which the ordinary collegiate institute, high school or other institutions of secondary education does not afford. These environs and appurtenances all have their place in the creation of vigorous, healthy, happy, young manhood and womanhood.

Many courses are open to pupils at residential schools and, no matter what occupation or profession the boy or girl may have in view as a life career, he or she can enter upon a system of special instruction aiming toward that object or ambition. While the major portion are trained to enter upon a university course, others qualify for business or commerce, mechanical pursuits, military careers, housekeeping and home-building. The courses are largely eclectic and only certain subjects are compulsory. The

boy or girl gets a thorough drilling and training in what he or she desires. The members of the faculties, generally speaking, are of recognized academic standing, and specialists are at the head of every department. The influence of their personality, teaching and example is over the student all the time. The best individual results are thus fostered, encouraged and developed by the masters and governesses who live in residence with those under them. They are present in the dining-rooms, on the various floors night and day, and participate in the pastimes and pursuits. They are in continuous and constant association — whether at work or play. It naturally follows that they get much closer to the individual life than do instructors in other schools where the daily contact of teacher and pupil is of only five or six hours' duration during five days of the week. In most



FINE TYPES OF YOUNG CANADIANS

A football team at a Canadian boys' school made up of sturdy youngsters all under ten years of age.

schools for boys, the students are not granted leave to absent themselves from the grounds or building without obtaining a special permit, making known to a master the object of their mission, how long they will be absent, and at what hour they will return. The regulations may be rigid, but they are not unduly severe, considering the responsibilities and obligations of the principals and masters.

All the progressive movements and organizations are subject to discipline and method. There must be law and order. The authorities recognize that

periods of work and exercise, and of retiring at a reasonable hour. All these form and become a habit and leave a splendid impress upon the lads. Then, they are taught how to study. Under the direction of a presiding master, the boys in each institution study for about two hours every evening and, soon learn that it is not the actual length of time put in pouring over books that counts so materially as the spirit of earnestness, concentration and diligence with which they approach and bring to bear on the work in hand.



SPORTS AT A CANADIAN BOYS' SCHOOL

The physical well-being of the boy is as carefully looked after as his mental equipment.

there is no need for a boy going down town except to consult a dentist, a druggist, a tailor, or on pressing private business. An attractive school with its extensive grounds and magnificent equipment has, along with its daily associations and pleasant companionships, much more to offer than any store, street, or place of public amusement. Of course, boys are allowed to attend their own churches on Sundays, and to witness any athletic contests in which teams from their own college may be engaged. In a residential school youth is taught the benefit of early rising, of regular

In residential schools for girls the discipline is even more exacting. The greatest care and caution are exercised in their supervision. They are protected and safeguarded in every possible way. No girl is permitted to leave the college grounds without being escorted by a teacher, governess, or a chaperon approved by her parents or the school authorities. If a girl is invited out for dinner or to spend the evening, her host or hostess, or some acceptable companion, must call for and return with her. Under no circumstances is she allowed to remain out on social or other



A GRACEFUL BOW OF CANADIAN SCHOOL GIRLS

At the closing exercises of most girls' schools the physical culture drills are a source of deep interest.

occasions after half past nine o'clock or ten at the very latest.

To give a detailed outline of the discipline and deportment, culture and training as practised and enforced in a residential school of recognized standing would be a long and rather

uninteresting proceeding. A few instances of how inflexible and rigorous are the rules and regulations have been mentioned, to show that the moral and physical welfare of the students, as well as the mental, is ever uppermost in the minds of the



THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF A SCHOOL BOYS' LIFE

A young athlete returns to his school after winning laurels at a wholesome meet and is welcomed in appropriate fashion.



GOOD OLD SCHOOL DAYS:

Twelve "jolly good fellows" posing for a farewell group picture, before leaving their school-boy home.

faculty. Should a student persist in violating regulations and in transgressing all time-honored practices and traditions, in the mistaken idea or notion that such a thing savors of smartness, independence or disregard for the powers that prevail, he or she is bound to come to grief. Misdeemeanors are punished by various means—by detention, extra work, or the denial of certain privileges, and, in extreme branches or infractions, by the use of the rod. If these fail to effect a cure and remonstrance and

rebuke are of no avail, then the offender is quietly eliminated from the school. The same fate—expulsion—is also resorted to in the case of a student who will not study, who persists in sloping work and dodging duty. An old school master is authority for the statement that this ultimatum has to be practised more frequently in boys' schools than in girls'. If a boy of age fourteen or fifteen years will not work, if his better nature, when appealed to, is not aroused, he soon becomes jaundiced



INTERESTED FRIENDS AND RELATIVES

At the annual games, visitors and spectators are always very much in evidence.

or disgusted with himself or with the administration, and far better for him and the institution that he go out and be introduced to the school of life with all its stern realities and exacting requirements.

the credit of young Canada. There is something about the air, poise and caverns of any well-managed school that makes both the disturber and the drone feel decidedly out of place. The offender is consciously as un-



THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE BOY

The handsome chapel of a Canadian boys' school, redolent of the fine spirit associated with the great English public schools.

In the residential schools of Canada comparatively few students, either girls or boys, have to be expelled or reared,—a fact, which redounds to

comfortable as if he or she laughed aloud in a church during the hours of service, or offered a deliberate insult to a parent or host.





LEARNING TO RIDE

One of the advantages offered by a high-class boarding school

The health of all pupils is admirably looked after. All the larger residential colleges have infirmaries with nurses in charge. Then the pupils are examined thoroughly several

times a year and any ocular, aural, vocal or physical defects are thereby promptly discovered. Many weaknesses, unknown to parents, are often located in time to be corrected and



BASKET-BALL

A splendid game for physical development indulged in at nearly all schools



WHEN GIRLS PLAY BOYS GAMES

Some Canadian school girls are almost as proficient at their brothers at cricket and hockey

permanently cured. The weight and general health of all pupils are carefully recorded. They are given plain, substantial and nourishing food, and, as the sessions for classes are over each day by half-past two or three o'clock, there is abundance of leisure for exercise and pastimes of every character, all modern schools being conducted upon the great basic principle that a sound body begets a sound mind. Thus the campus, the rink, the gymnasium, the cricket crease, and the tennis court, along with horse-back riding, boxing, fencing, drill, wrestling and pedestrianism are really as much a part of the curriculum as the class-room itself.

In most residential schools there is no strain to see that a few pupils capture honors, medals and scholarships, and that brilliant ones are given a boost at the expense of the many. Spectacular work is eschewed. The effort of the college is rather directed toward looking after the weal and welfare of the average student. Every boy and girl receives practically individual instruction, as the classes are

small, while the courses of study are not arbitrary. Whatever object the pupil has in view he or she is afforded special opportunities of gratifying that ambition. With a boy it may be carpentry or stenography, manual training or music, science or military tactics, mathematics or classics, mechanics or bookkeeping. With a girl it may be painting or household management, elocution or French, vocal culture or dressmaking, the drama or art needle work, millinery or literature. The residential schools present a wide choice, offering a course adapted to the peculiar needs or personal tastes of each student, and providing, along certain well-defined lines, as carefully for those who do not intend to proceed to a university as for those who do. In many schools the students are given practical business lessons and insight by having to manage and finance the college paper, the "tuck shop," clubs, and associations of various kinds. They have to do all the banking, canvassing, collecting, book-keeping, etc., for the different student organizations.

By reason of the great attendance and often limited accommodation, a pupil, under the ordinary school system, is assigned to a certain class or form, whether he or she is fit for such a place or not, but, in nearly all residential institutions, the class is fitted for the student. Each boy and girl gets an exceptional degree of individual attention and a higher standard of efficiency is thus maintained. Personality is never lost sight of, as must necessarily be the case in a large class and under a different plan. In residence, each attendant is more intimately and immediately under the supervision and jurisdiction of the instructor. From one cause or another many parents are not in a posi-

tion to exercise that rigid care over their boys and girls that they desire, and to them the advantages of life in junior or senior schools especially appeals.

Intellectual and physical culture, combined with the best home training, moral and religious influences, is the aim and purpose of all residential schools of recognized standing and reputation. They are doing a grand work and their worth and merit, character and scope, are being more fully appraised and appreciated as Canada grows older in years, riper in experience, broader in outlook and more advanced in ideals, citizenship and culture.



SCHOOL GIRLS' WINTER SPORTS

Relucting too on a toboggan slide is one of the favorite diversions of boarding school life.



NORWAY HOUSE

The Emperor's Palace as it looks to-day

## When an Emperor Ruled in Canada

By

GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

**NORWAY HOUSE**—Once it was a name to conjure with, the seat of an Empire where a man of Napoleonic bearing dictated to an army of servants in every part of Canada. When Lord Selkirk conceived and partially carried out his scheme of colonizing the Red River country in 1811 and the succeeding years all his emigrants passed through Norway House on their heart-breaking trip of seven hundred miles from York Factory to what is now Winnipeg. During all the days of the glorious rule of the fur traders in Canada Norway House was a place of importance. Now it is merely an ordinary trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, situated at the northern extremity of Lake Winnipeg, three hundred miles distant from the Prairie City.

Never will the interesting history surrounding Norway House be faithfully recorded, for the actors on the stage of that day have gone and have carried with them the romance. All that is left is a brief report of the commercial enterprise in which the fortress was but a depot, albeit an important one.

Canadian history records the long and bloody struggle between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Fur Company. In the second decade of last century the scene of that warfare covered the fur-producing territory of western Canada. The death of the Earl of Selkirk in 1840 removed the last obstacle to the union of the two companies and brought about the end of the struggle. But the head of the company was gone

## BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

and there was needed a supreme genius who not only must heal the wounds and unite factions who had been taught to hate and distrust each other, but who must direct the destinies of the fur trade to success. Not among the active traders in Canada could the man of destiny be found. He was discovered in the person of a young clerk in London, England, who knew naught of fur trading other than what he had learned in one winter spent at Lake Athabasca. But his business sagacity commended itself to the directors of the company and George Simpson was appointed governor of all the united interests of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821.

Prior to the amalgamation of the two companies the headquarters of the Nor'Westers had been at Grand Portage (Fort William) on the western end of Lake Superior, but Simpson chose the fort at the north of Lake Winnipeg as most central and easiest of access from all parts of the country. Here his residence and his council chamber were built and they still stand. At Norway House were held the annual gatherings of the traders, i.e., the wintering partners from the wilds and the senior partners from Montreal, met with the governor to hear the reports of the year's business and to organize for more aggressive work in the future. One of the first meetings was held on June 23, 1823. At the head of the council table sat the clean-shaven young governor, surrounded by grey-headed and bearded veterans who had spent their lives in a struggle with nature. To them hardship was but an incident and a thousand-mile journey by snowshoe and dog-train in the depth of the cold northern winter but a pastime. Naturally they had not the kindest feelings towards the "youngster" who was sent across the water to command them. But the diplomatic though firm manner of the governor soon won the admiration and respect—if not the immediate affection—of the greyheads, and they

returned to the forest. Their blood was cooled and where once they thought of war, they now bent their energies to the success of their company. The old Scotchman, who pioneered the Canadian northlands for the Hudson's Bay Company, were very devoted to their employers.

The governor of the company was a great man among the traders, but to the Indians he was the "Kitchi Okema"—the greatest mortal they would ever see. To maintain this standing it was necessary that the governor should travel with much pomp and ceremony, and that his presence should be made impressive. Sir George Simpson—for he was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1840—had a weakness for ceremony and it fitted his imperial manner splendidly. He was always known as the Emperor of the Fur Trade. When the season of the annual council approached, the chief factors from every quarter of the compass in a radius of thousands of miles, started with their retinues for Norway House. Each factor was an emperor in his own domain. Lords they were of the lake and the forest and they traveled as such. In canoes or York boats they came down the waterways to Lake Winnipeg and pointed straight for the fortress where the governor awaited them. As they swung into view of the fort, over the walls of which pointed the frowning cannon, they made an imposing spectacle. The hardy French-Canadian voyageurs with richly colored handkerchiefs around their necks and with wonderful L'Assommoir belts wound twice around their waists, felt like heroes. Long distances are rough on dress, and the travelers must never enter the august presence without proper attire. Accordingly a stop was made a few miles from the fort and a general toilet was made by these children of the wilds. Then with everything in place and the dust and dirt removed they fared forth with their old assurance. The French-Canadian voyageurs were musical and as they



SIR GEORGE SIMPSON  
The Emperor of the Fur Trade

bent their backs to the paddles and rounded the point before the fort they with one accord broke forth in that splendid old song, "A la Claire Fontaine."

When Governor Simpson approached the fort he led the fleet in a grandly-decorated canoe, and behind him came the pipers in another canoe, and still behind followed the retinue. Within sound of the fort the pipers pealed forth on the bagpipes and a

cheery salute came in reply from the chief factor's bugle. From the rocks and hills surrounding the fortress the bugle notes echoed and re-echoed and the guns volleyed forth a royal salute.

When all were gathered, the feast time arrived, and the tables groaned under the loads of the best the world afforded. From the east came the delicate viands which vied with the fish and game from the wonderful land



NORWAY HOUSE

The old fort makes an interesting sight when approached by water

to the west. The lakes and forests had been scoured to produce the best they afforded in abundance. No man went hungry and the lithe Indian gorged himself on culinary products that were splendid to the taste, but to him were a mystery. The feast was a time of joy, and all went merrily, the remainder of the day being spent in rest and comfort. But there was never any dallying when Simpson was around, and the next day was one of business, when each factor had to give an account of his stewardship. Of course, much dependence was put in chief factors, as their posts were so far away that they must of a necessity rely upon their own discretion at all times.

Under the governorship of Simpson there was new impetus given to the trade in the west, and one of the points which he emphasized was that liquor must not be given to the Indians. If for no other reason, it was bad for business. Then, again, he determined to put an end to giving presents to the Indians. He preferred giving them liberal prices for their furs. The number of servants was increased in the land and new

forts were opened and in general the trade considerably increased in volume.

Governor Simpson was not a man to be satisfied with second-hand information as to the condition of his empire and his subjects. He visited the forts at Red River, along the shore of Hudson's Bay, and even as far inland as the Mackenzie River, where he went into the minutest details of the trade. In 1828 Simpson determined to see Canada from ocean to ocean. He left York Factory on July 12, 1828, and came southward by water to Norway House, and from thence westward, and in a month they were in the vast Peace River country. At each post of the company Simpson went through all the books and did a great deal of writing. He had the reputation of being able to do three men's work. The same energy, which spurred him on in his work, animated him when on board the canoe, and he continually urged his canoeemen to greater exertions. A story is told of the governor when crossing the Lake of the Woods on one of his expeditions. He was urging one of his favorite French-Can-



York Boat at Norway House

dian voyageurs to greater speed and finally exhausted that individual's patience. The big voyageur turned upon the little governor, and, seizing him by the shoulders, lifted him over the side and dipped him into the lake, at the same time expressing his feeling in the particular brand of oaths in which the French-Canadians indulged. Simpson took the hint, and it is even said that he did not punish the man who had insulted his dignity. Passing through the Peace River country Simpson and his party crossed the mountains and followed down the Fraser river and thence made their way via all the forts to Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the company on the Pacific coast.

To-day Norway House has lost much of its prestige, as it is not the headquarters of the company, but it is still a trading post, and is kept in better condition than most of the depots of the company in the north. Simpson's place still stands. Built of logs in 1837, it is now weather-boarded and sealed within, so that it has the appearance of a nice country resi-

dence. The house is 30 by 45 feet, and has a wide piazza running around three sides, which not only adds greatly to the appearance, but also to the comfort. The old council chamber, where Simpson directed the affairs of the company, no longer is the scene of such gatherings, but is now used as a store-house—its glory has departed. There are but a handful of white settlers around Norway House, and a population of about 500 treaty Indians living on the reserves surrounding it. Though Norway House is commonly spoken of as being on Lake Winnipeg, it is really situated on the Nelson River, just 24 miles from where it empties into Little Flay Green Lake, which is only an enlargement of the upper portion of Lake Winnipeg. The day is coming when Norway House will again be a familiar name. The army of visitors will not be engaged in commercial pursuits, but will be busy forgetting business. It is admirably adapted for a summer resort. The lake is filled with little rocky islets suitable for camping and the water and beach are



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER  
Marked in the picture by a cross

splendid for bathing. There is good fishing and good shooting to be had at all times, and in summer there is a bi-weekly mail service. Soon the time may come when the former fortified fortress in the wilds will be the Mecca of tired business men and their families during the hot days of summer. A prompt steamboat service can easily be arranged from Winnipeg and Selkirk, and every requirement for perfect rest will be easy of access.

Though not so pretensions as Simpson's palace, the old council chamber at the post was by far the most important structure, as therein were held the famous meetings of the fur traders. This chamber is the oldest building at the post, being carefully built of logs in 1830, and is still in good repair. It is fifty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide, being one and one-half storeys in height. Imagine such a building, in such a place, with such a history, now reduced to the humble condition of a storehouse. There are a number of other large buildings at the post and all are kept neatly whitewashed and the whole present the appearance of a nice little settlement when viewed from a distance from the deck of a steamer.

There is a two and one-half storey building known in company parlance as the "big house" wherein are the general offices, mess room, kitchen and men's quarters. "Bachelor's hall" is and has been for a long time the abode of the unmarried men at the post and has often resounded to the echoes of mirthful tunes in days ago. Half a mile from the fort is what was the old powder magazine in the days when cannon pointed over the bastions to guard the post from the approach of the enemy. It was a very secure building constructed of stone but has now fallen into disuse and decay. The old jail also a stone structure which held many an irrepressible spirit in hufeyen days, and which could a story tell has now nothing more strenuous to confine than coal oil. There is also a provision store, trading store and a depot where the unbroken packages of freight are kept for shipment to the inland posts. Two buildings called the "Ahtabasca" and the "MacKenzie River" stores retain names applied years ago. In them was kept the freight for these two districts far to the north when all the freight passed through Norway House, being

brought up over the lake in the summer. The heavy stockade which surrounded the post twenty years ago has been replaced by a neat wire and picket fence enclosing space about one hundred and fifty yards long by one hundred wide. Plank walks run all about the post and down through a large archway between the main buildings to the dock in the front where the York boats load and unload freight.

The York boat—so-called because it was first used in carrying freight on the York Factory route—is still the chief vehicle for freight to the inland posts from Lake Winnipeg. Formerly they were made twenty-seven feet long and carried seventy packages of freight each weighing ninety pounds in order that they could easily be handled at the portages on the route. At present the boats are made larger and better adapted to the work they are designed for, being thirty-five feet long and ten feet wide. They are manned by a crew of nine and carry a large sail so that with favorable breezes they make good speed. The crews shoot the dangerous rapids of the north with the greatest unconcern.

A feature of interest at Norway

House is a leaden sun-dial in the garden, which was erected by Sir John Franklin, the famous explorer, on his fatal trip to the Arctic. The dial is not dated but has on it the initials "J. B. F." and the latitude and longitude of the post. Surveyors, who have seen the dial in recent years, state that it is only three minutes from correct even now. Near the dial a tall flagstaff floats aloft the Union Jack upon which is emblazoned the arms of the Hudson's Bay Company. The garden itself is no insignificant feature to the inhabitants of the fort and its products would open the eyes of many a dweller in other parts of Canada. There are currant bushes, rhubarb, celery, peas, beans, cabbage, brussels sprouts and all kinds of vegetables and many other delicacies which are raised in civilized lands.

Strange it is how a little spot could have figured so prominently in the history of Canada and yet the history of the Hudson's Bay Company is replete with the strange, romantic, impossible and unknown. When the official history of the company is published with all the little side lights thrown into the secluded lives of the servants it will prove the most interesting volume ever written.



WISDOM is only knowing what one ought to do next. Virtue and enjoyment have never been far apart from each other. To know and to do is the basis of the highest service.

—David Starr Jordan.



## What Canada's Public Men Read

By GEORGE BRYANT

From The Canadian Bookman

**W**HAT do the public men of Canada read? What do our parliamentarians peruse?

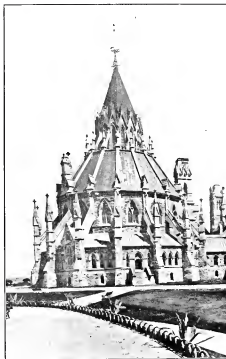
Aside from Hansard, the Orders of the Day, the Blue Books, the Journals of the House and the Canada Gazette, of literature, past and present, there is abundance available for their edification. The Commons and Senate reading rooms contain files of every weekly and daily paper published in the Dominion and are liberally patronized by the members, particularly the rural representatives, who scan the sheets from their home towns to find what their respective communities are doing when the biggest man—of course, the M.P. himself—is not "in 'their midst."

In the magnificent library of parliament there are 250,000 volumes. This immense pile is being added to yearly at the rate of 5,000 copies. Attached to noble and stately old cathedrals of Europe are famous chapter houses and upon somewhat similar lines has the beautiful building at the north of the main block of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa been planned. Circular in form and ninety feet in diameter the buttressed walls stand four feet thick. It is conceded that no finer site could have been found in Canada for the housing of the nation's books.

The interior is artistic and imposing. Planned in the form of a polygon of sixteen sides, each angle is supported by a flying buttress which

touches the main wall at the point designed to make it better resist the heavy outward thrust of the vaulted roof. Gazing aloft the eye rests upon the great dome, forty-two feet in altitude, the base of which is an equal distance from the floor. In the centre of the library stands a splendid statue in marble of the late Queen Victoria, as she looked when crowned in 1837. It is the work of Marshall Wood. Busts of King Edward, Queen Alexandra and other notable people adorn the angles of a number of the alcoves. Wood carvings of an attractive and impressive character decorate the interior. Shields of the different provinces are in front of some alcoves and in glass cases are coins, medals, medallions, script, specie and many other mementos of home and foreign lands.

Books, Books, Books—on every side, until the shelves of the three galleries are so congested that the librarians do not know where to store the constant inflow of publications. Some years ago, plans were prepared by the chief architect to increase the space temporarily, but, though such a move has been frequently talked of and incessantly recommended by the librarians in their annual report, no arrangements have yet been effected for extra accommodation. Space is utterly inadequate to meet the demands made upon it and the crowding has become so severe that books are placed in rows three deep, which often



The Library of Parliament

causes endless difficulty in searching for a volume. If the present state of things is not soon remedied and some relief afforded the result will be a case of "confusion worse confounded."

But what do our big men read? What are their tastes, their favorite themes, their hobbies?

The cabinet ministers, who make the most use of the library, are Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. William Paterson. The Canadian Minister of Customs does not, as some might suppose, devote his spare moments to the study of tariffs, fiscal problems, and economic questions, but revels in tales of travel, exploration and discovery.

The Minister of Trade and Commerce is not looking up treaties and traffic returns, exports and imports, but passes many a pleasant hour among the Henty books so popular with boys, which would indicate that the veteran knight, now in his seventy-fourth year and the hero of many a political battle, is still young in spirit and dearly loves adventure, prowess and a fighting chance.

The Minister of Finance, Hon. W. S. Fielding, although a busy public man, manages to keep the library staff on the move at different times. He reads the copyright novels of the day and wanders through the field of general literature. Hon. Sydney Fisher is also among the familiar figures in the library. His reading is general rather than technical.

Some members of the cabinet have fine private libraries and on this account do not need to patronize the parliamentary pile. Among these, fortunately situated, are the Prime Minister, who is a great student of history, biography, political systems and forms of government. When his own library fails to supply his needs, Sir Wilfrid frequently sends "to the hill" for certain numbers.

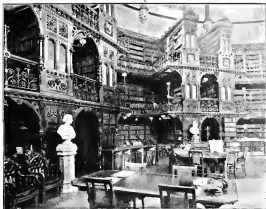
Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux, Canada's brilliant Postmaster-General,

consults the volumes on the shelves many times during the course of a session. The heavier works in French and English appeal to him, biography and history being his favorites. The Secretary of State, Hon. Charles Murphy, is an omnivorous reader, books of a political and legal character engaging his attention.

Hon. George E. Foster, although a virulent critic, does not while away his leisure hours in reading famous critiques by eminent men, but is what might be described as a general reader, current literature and popular authors falling constantly under his eye. The latest on parliamentary procedure, political economy and the history of the world is Mr. R. L. Borden's choice. He is serious, thoughtful and studious—and appreciates the advantages and accessibility of the library.

Hon. R. F. Sutherland, Speaker of the Commons in the last Parliament, makes many researches in parliamentary history and other kindred subjects. The Minister of Railways and Canals in the Macdonald Ministry, Hon. J. G. Haggart, is another public man who does not allow dust to accumulate on biographical and historical works. It will surprise many to learn that Mr. Haggart reads thoroughly volumes that comparatively few consult. It is rarely that he asks for a novel.

The leader of the Conservative party in the Senate, Hon. James A. Loughheed, does a good deal of general reading, while the former Premier, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, peruses history and biography. Among the private members of the House, Martin Burrell, of Yale-Cariboo; H. H. Miller, of South Grey; Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, and others, who might be mentioned, are familiar figures in the big reading room. There are perhaps half a hundred or more M.P.s who never enter the oaken doors except to show a visit-



A BOOKLOVER'S PARADISE

A glimpse of the beautiful interior of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, where Canada's legislators use, if they wish, some very pleasant hours.

or or conduct a constituent around the building.

It is not always the men who are the most diligent readers that make the most instructive and interesting speeches or are the most forceful and argumentative in debate. Generally, the politician, familiar with conditions and history of the past, and possessing a knowledge of economics, social science, various forms of government, and procedure, is able to marshal all his facts and present his points in a more comprehensive and cogent manner.

His Excellency, Earl Grey, frequently sends to the library for editions of travel, history and biography. The Governor-General scrutinizes much in the field of current literature, being interested in many present-day problems. His ad-

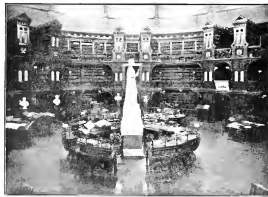
resses at all public functions afford convincing evidence that they are not ready-made utterances — not phonographic productions. He has views of his own and is not diffident about giving voice to them. He has identified himself closely with the welfare and interests of the people. He has shown such intimate acquaintance with the country and appreciation of the resources and progress of the Dominion that the Canadian Government had printed an edition of His Excellency's speeches to preserve them in permanent form and permit of their wide distribution.

During the session of parliament no one is allowed to take books from the library except the legislators, but in recess, on the recommenda-

tion of the Speaker or an M.P., the librarians issue a card of admittance to the person so recommended, entitling the holder to take out two works at the same time. There are generally between 500 and 600 ticket holders in the Capital, although the new Carnegie library in that city has reduced the number. Nearly half of the 250,000 volumes are in French. All parliamentary debates, papers, reports and records are, of course, printed in both languages.

Works of reference, historical and literary documents, early public records and original papers are not allowed to be removed from the building. Every summer, university students, historians and reviewers, the majority being young men, who are pursuing post-graduate courses

in American seats of learning or are preparing theses, come to Ottawa, and for several weeks use the library and reading compartments, which are comfortably equipped with upholstered chairs and polished tables. They generally number twenty to twenty-five, and at the parliamentary institution they obtain information at first hand by having access to works bearing on British views and interpretation of the Declaration of Independence, the Canadian records of the stirring times of 1812-1813, the Fenian Raids, and other strenuous struggles in the early history of the Dominion and its relations to the neighbors to the South. The visitors are shown every courtesy. All the facilities of the library are placed at their disposal.



HOME OF THE NATION'S BOOKS

A general view of the interior of the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa. A statue of Queen Victoria occupies a position in the centre.



A grade of work on the right-of-way of the G.T.F.

## In Advance of the Pullman

By

JOSEPH WEARING

**I**F YOU wish to experience every degree of lassitude, apathy and general indifference except in one respect, take a long journey by rail; nothing seems to breed ennui like the atmosphere of a railway carriage. A few hours in the train may be enjoyed, but with most travelers it is not long before the lethargic condition is reached and then the only thing of interest is—the journey's end. Modern engineering has reduced danger to such a minimum that the average passenger hardly gives a thought to the men on whom his life depends; and whoever wonders while traveling swiftly and easily over the roadbed how much toil and sweat has entered into its construction?

Many people will consider me rather an eccentric sort of person, I fear, but, taking the risk, I should urge everyone to travel some time or other over a hundred miles or so of railroad be-

fore a car has run upon it, before even the rails have been laid, and while the only means of conveyance is "Shanks' pony." The journey may entail some fatigue, but it will surely banish apathy; there may at times be sore feet, but there will certainly never be ennui. Before the hundred miles have been completed there will have come some dim realization of the extent of scientific knowledge and amount of mechanical skill required in order to span a stretch of country with two parallel lines of steel, and the traveler will begin to understand that the building of a railway embankment or the digging and blasting of a rock-cut involves more labor and hardship than is ever put on record in the Government report; to say nothing of the actual toll paid in workmen's lives. Though claiming no relationship with any manner of prophet, I venture to predict that anyone making such a



trip will afterwards implicitly believe that whatever is possible in thought to a railroad contractor is possible also in deed, and I have not the slightest doubt that the passage over a hundred miles of construction will result in the conviction that Solomon should have sent the sluggard, not to the ant, but to the railway navy.

It is a well-known fact that doctors rarely take their own physic, and that precepts are much more easily expounded than worked out in practice. A journey such as I have advocated is well within my own experience, however, and it is because I have not only learned much of the difficulty and danger of railroading in general, but have also appreciated something of the romance of railway construction in particular that I offer the following account of a recent tramp over the potential Grand Trunk Pacific line between Stony Plains—twenty miles west of Edmonton—and the McLeod River—seventy miles east of the Yellowhead Pass.

The "tramp" proper did not begin with my departure from Stony Plains, for I started out on the St. Anne's stage, which took me to Wahamun Lake—twenty-two miles west of Stony Plains. There were two passengers besides myself: one a homesteader from the State of Oregon, and the other a Norwegian fur trader, who lived at Entwhistle. The homesteader made it his business to keep the stage from upsetting, and during the whole of the twenty-two miles he kept dodging from one side of the rig to the other as the occasion—or the holes in the trail—demanded. The Norwegian, a most hospitable fellow to whom I am indebted for two nights' lodging, entertained me with information regarding the country, and endeavored to palliate the iniquities of the burg which he represented. The driver of the stage, hearing that I was from the east, remarked during one of the very brief intervals between two bad places in the road that he had been for eighteen years a conductor between Toronto

and North Bay. "Drink?" I suggested. "Oh, no," he said. "I just got tired of it and came west to try farming, but drifted into this instead." "Like it any better than railroading?" "Oh, sure! I make as much money and have no responsibility."

Travelling by stage in that section of our great and glorious west does not give one much opportunity for studying the landscape, my attention was directed, however, to the number of dead horses along the trail in different degrees of decomposition. A question drew forth the information from the stage driver that during last winter five hundred teams were hauling supplies from Edmonton into the different camps and that the killing of a horse was a common occurrence.

"See that?" he said, pointing to a skeleton at the bottom of a steep hill. "Well, I was coming along last winter when a fellow started up the hill with sixty hundred pounds. I told him he had better let me double up, but he said, 'I'll make it or kill 'im.' That's what he did before he got half-way up."

Passing along by the side of a small lake the fur trader volunteered the details concerning a navy who had drowned himself there the summer before. "Just got clean crazed with drink and ran right into the water. There was a gang working close to the lake, but they didn't do much to save him. Nine days after the body came up and they chucked him in an old box and buried him on the hill there; right over there." The narration of this tragedy stirred up again some of the indignation which had been aroused at the time of the event and the trader finished up with, "Downright shame, the way they let the poor fellow drown himself. If it had been a male the whole gang would have been ordered off to pull it out of the water."

Leaving the stage, the Norwegian and I crossed Wahamun Lake and took the right of way into Entwhistle, arriving there just at midnight. At this particular time the newspapers all



RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION CAMP

Foley's Camp, No. 14, G.T.P., near the McLeod River and in sight of the Rockies

over Canada were on the qui vive concerning this so-called town on the Pembina River, because of the unsavory reputation it had acquired through some statements made by a preacher there and the subsequent raid by the N. W. M. P. Like a loyal citizen, my companion de voyage defended his town most emphatically, admitting that "blind pigs" and attendant evils were to be found, but declaring that these were very quiet resorts and that they did not in any way disturb the town as a whole. He appeared to consider it an indispensable condition that such places should exist on the frontier. My own impression of the town was exactly opposite to that of the Englishman landing at Montreal, and finding a city where he expected to see nothing but wigwags. All I could see on the banks of the swift-rushing Pembina was a few tents and huts. The odor of the place reminded me of an extract from the diary of Dr. Livesey in Stevenson's "Treasure Island": "If ever a man smelt fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage."

The second day, I traveled alone, keeping straight along the right of way and passing through ten or twelve construction gangs at work. To

say that I walked all day would be hardly correct. Sometimes I walked, but mostly I climbed, slid, rolled, plunged, waded or wallowed. Tramping over a right of way which leads through swamp and muskeg, one does some unexpected "stunts." Distance, too, is purely arbitrary on the frontier. A certain camp would be still ten miles ahead after I had passed several gangs working some miles apart, and even when the distance had decreased to six miles by common report, I was just as likely as not to meet someone who would aver that the camp was exactly eleven miles straight ahead. Several times during the day I came across a sign bearing the legend, "General Store. Bread for Sale," but on each occasion I failed to notice anything in the shape of a store, the only building visible being a little sod hut at some distance from the right of way. On one sign the "bread for sale" was varied by "fish for sale," but where the fish came from I was unable to imagine, for there was no lake near, and who bought the fish I had no idea, for the nearest construction camp was seven or eight miles away.

Let it not be thought that I am a Government inspector of railways or



A Station-man's Hut

an itinerant land speculator. The road-bed, as such, was not my chief interest, though I gave it careful attention, particularly as to its possibilities for providing a footpath; nor was I especially concerned regarding the nature of the surrounding country, though I noticed that all along the route on either side of the line there was rising ground which will before long be tilled by hundreds of farmers. The real object of my trip was to learn something of the condition of the men who build the railroads and to enquire into certain efforts which have been put forth for their moral and intellectual development.

During my journey I became particularly interested in the "station-men" whom I passed along the road. These are the navvies who make the roadbed through the muskegs, doing all the work with an axe, spade and barrow, and being paid so much—about twenty cents—per cubic yard. Those humble and modest "builders of empire" trundle the barrow fifteen

and sixteen hours a day, passing the night in made huts along the line, either alone or with a chum. About the only diversion a station-man has is the cooking of his meals, and this operation is not of a lengthy nature, for, as one of them remarked to me, the never-varying bill of fare is "bread and pork and pork and beans." To be a station-man means to be a mere hanger-on to civilization. One robust digger I met who had at one time been an Irishman, said that he had not received a letter for eight years—had no friends to write to. Among the station-men I found nearly all the nationalities in Europe, as well as Britishers, Canadians and Americans. Some were quite cheery and talkative, while others were morose and uncommunicative. One old fellow, wearing a good-natured smile in spite of the sweat which rolled down his face, told me that he was a German and that he cleared four and five dollars a day at the work. The reason he gave for his success at this particular kind of employment was that for a number of years he had been a market gardener in England. In one but where I sheltered from the rain, the owner, a young Nova Scotian, took quite a different view of the situation.

"The job's no good," he said, "and I am sick of it. All a fellow needs for digging up muskeg is a strong back and a weak mind."

A Finlander with whom I had quite a conversation was not only satisfied, but quite enthusiastic. Waving his spade towards the east, he stammered out, "Finland no good country. Little bit money. Lots money here."

The greatest surprise I had during my whole trip was the sight of a woman calmly wheeling a well-filled barrow up a steep plank. At first I could hardly believe my eyes, for, as one man put it, "Women are as scarce as Christians out here," but I found my vision not only true in general, but also correct in detail, for the laborer proved to be a pleasant-looking,

good-natured girl, and not at all masculine in appearance. She spoke very good English, and told me that she was a Belgian, and that she came there of her own free will because she didn't want her husband to be all alone. At the time I wondered how many Canadian girls would be willing to go to such a place in order to keep a husband company, to say nothing of making a home in a hovel built of sod taken from the muskeg.

The second day after leaving Entwhistle I reached my destination—Foley's Camp, No. 114, a few miles from the McLeod River, and within sight of the Rockies. From different gangs along the line I had heard reports of what the men considered an extraordinary proceeding in Camp 114. A student from some college had been sent in there to run a reading text, and this same student was driving a pair of mules in the daytime and teaching classes in his tent at night. It was this strange proceeding that I had come to investigate and to me there was an added interest in the fact that the student was a college chum of mine.

Coming into the camp I was directed to the tent where the "reading text instructor" bunked along with four or five other laborers, and soon I greeted my chum. In appearance there was nothing of the college man about him. At sight no Alma Mater would have claimed him. Without doubt, nobody who had any acquaintance with students would have supposed that two months previous he had carried off a scholarship in philosophy. The fellow I greeted was a navvy pure and simple, and he certainly looked the part. During my stay in the camp, however, I learned that the influence of the college had exerted its self even among mule drivers, scraper-holders, graders and ditchers. Almost every man in the gang was interested in the reading text, applications were being made daily for entrance into the evening classes, and all were eagerly looking forward to a concert which had been announced

for the following Saturday night. All hands, from the foreman to the cook, were enthusiastic over the fact that in their camp, at least, the evenings and Sundays would not be without means of profitable entertainment.

The visit which I paid to Camp 114 confirmed my belief in the excellency of the means which had been adopted by the Reading Camp Association for the amelioration of the lot of the railway navvy. The association does not send into the camps a missionary, a teacher or a colporteur, but it sends in a laborer who is a composite of these three. Instead of attracting the men of the camp by means of a frock coat, the "instructor" reaches them through the medium of a pair of overalls, and in place of exhorting his fellow-workers to flee from the wrath to come, he endeavors to show them a mode of life which has no fear of impending destruction. The association was formed as the result of a conviction that the building of good roadbeds is not more essential than the making of good citizens, and the conviction carried with it the belief that frontier laborers can never be reached by ordinary methods. Certainly it is no ordinary method which sends into construction camps college-bred men, who not only establish means for sound entertainment and profitable instruction, but at the same time become themselves, in every sense of the word, railway navvies.

It is surely high time that public-spirited Canadians wakened up to the real condition of affairs on the frontier. All our larger cities are making an effort to provide comfortably furnished and finely-equipped buildings which shall be the means of raising the moral and intellectual status of the railroad men, but who cares anything about the navvy? There's need to guide and control the lives of the thousands of men who operate our railroads, but there is a greater need to make intelligent and progressive citizens of the other thousand who build them, particularly when it

is remembered that these latter are, for the most part, immigrants who have come to us for better or for worse. It is not long ago since the question went forth among our cousins to the south:

"Who loomed and let down this horrid jaw?  
Where was the hand which slanted back this  
brow?"

Whose breath blew out the light within the  
brain?"

We can only forestall such a question in our own land by declaring of these incoming railroad builders and homeseekers:

"We'll not make them helpers only,  
But we'll teach them to be true,  
First and last Canadians——"



By

R. P. CHESTER

**A**DVICE to a Young Man. — Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, wheelbarrow or a set of books, dig ditches or edit a paper, ring an auction bell or write funny things—you must work. If you will look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't fear of killing yourself by overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 p.m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them; it simply speaks of them as old So and So's boy. Nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied the world will be with you.

— Bob Barnett.



SIR RICHARD SCOTT

Canada's veteran legislator and parliamentarian as who was recently honored by the King

If knighthood is a reward for long, faithful and untiring service in the interest of one's country, then no one is more entitled to the decoration than Richard William Scott, who was recently honored by King Edward. The veteran statesman has been in public life over fifty-one years, and retired last fall from the position of Secretary of State, after a career marked by rare fidelity to duty and loyalty to the party which he served in many capacities. Although in his eighty-fifth year he is a remarkably well-preserved man, bodily and mentally. Sir Richard Scott is the Nestor of Canadian public life. His father was an army surgeon under Wellington, who settled in Canada after the Napoleonic wars. The new knight-bachelor is a rather distinguished-looking man with an abundance of white hair and flowing beard—a peculiar physical characteristic when it is considered that his two sons, Dr. William L. Scott, barrister, of Ottawa, and Mr. D'Arcy Scott, a member of the Board of Railway Commissioners, are almost as bald as the day that they were born. During his long tenure of office, Sir Richard Scott was known as the "Statesman who never took a holiday." He was always at his post and on several occasions, particularly during the mid-summer recess, he would be the only representative of the Cabinet to be found on Parliament Hill. At different times he had to fill every portfolio in the Government, but he always attended to these duties cheerfully and conscientiously. He is the father of the Scott Act, the widely-known temperance measure, which was passed in 1875. A member of the Senate for thirty-five years, during a great part of that time he has been the leader of the Liberals in the Upper Chamber. He has also the rather unique record of having served in the Cabinet of four Premiers—two in Toronto and two in Ottawa. Under the administration of Hon. Edward Blake he held the portfolio of Commissioner of Crown Lands of

Ontario, and he also had the same office under the late Sir Oliver Mowat, who succeeded Mr. Blake as Prime Minister of Ontario. When the Mackenzie regime began at Ottawa in 1898 he was made a member of the Privy Council, and a few weeks later was appointed Secretary of State and Registrar-General of Canada. He held this position again under Sir Wilfrid Laurier from 1896 until the recent appointment of Hon. Charles Murphy. He is a genial and kindly gentleman, courteous to a degree, and in every way is deserving of the recognition which has been conferred upon him.



The Grand Trunk's New Offices in London, opened on Dominion Day.

Dominion Day witnessed the opening of another important building in London of special interest to Canadians. This was the new European traffic offices of the Grand Trunk

Railway System. The building was designed by the eminent architect, Sir Aston Webb, R.A., C.B., and is in all respects worthy of the great enterprise for which it was erected. It will, no doubt, be a rendezvous for Canadian visitors to England, and a store-house of information for British men and women, who want to learn about Canada and its resources.

Governor Walter E. Clark, of Alaska, is a young man to be saddled with the administration of so vast an area. Few people realize the extent of the territory which he has been appointed to rule and which juts out, a huge promontory, from the northwest corner of the North American continent. To many, Alaska is the name of a useless corner of the earth's surface—useless, except to bother Canadians about boundary problems—which, to their mind, is only about the size of our own Nova Scotia. Instead of that, the territory of Alaska is in reality approximately one-sixth the size of the Dominion and quite as large as the big provinces of Ontario and Quebec taken together. That being the case, and Alaska being as much our neighbor as the United States themselves, it is quite fitting that Alaska's new and youthful governor should be introduced to Canadians. It is in his case another example of the newspaperman receiving recognition through force of circumstances. For several years the future governor served as special correspondent at Washington for the New York Sun. His duties naturally brought him into close touch with the then Secretary Taft, and a friendship based on mutual esteem sprang up. It might even be imagined that Mr. Taft entered into a compact with Mr. Clark to do something for him, if ever he reached the White House. Mr. Taft succeeded, and now one of his first appointments of importance is that of his young news-



WALTER E. CLARK  
The new Governor of Alaska

paper friend to be the chief executive of the great northern territory of Alaska.

When 20,000 people assemble to view a theatrical performance, the event may well be described as extraordinary. This was the attendance at Miss Maude Adams' spectacular production of Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" in the stadium at Harvard University in June. It was the crowning achievement of the talented actress career. To describe the popular interest in the event, a quotation from an outsider's diary may be made—"The sidewalks echoed to the tread of a larger army than Joan of Arc probably ever commanded; for besides the thousands who entered the gates, there were thousands more to watch them come. There were more automobiles gathered together there before the performance began than at any time anywhere, except at the last Lamson automobile show." In the performance 1,300 people took part, among them hundreds of Harvard students. All the appliances employed to lead realism to the scene

## BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

were successfully utilized and the thunderstorm started everyone by its close approach to the actual. On her white charger, in her silver armor, the Maid was indeed the inspiration of armies as she came rushing down the hill, with her mail-clad followers shouting her battle-cry at full gallop;

The almost regal grandeur of the funeral equipage of M. Chancard, the millionaire Paris merchant, is but another illustration of the eccentricities of man. One cannot help but think of the whole funeral procession as a carefully-planned advertisement for the immense business of which



MISS RAUDE ADAMS

As she appeared in the role of "Joan of Arc" before 20,000 people in the Harvard Stadium.

and in the scenes where, alone in the ghostly moonlight with the apparition of the Black Knight, she refuses to desert her mission, or where the weak, ungrateful Dauphin casts her off as a witch, after his splendid coronation through her aid, she conveyed the full appeal of historic pathos.

M. Chancard was the head, though personal vanity may have had a good deal to do with it. At any rate, the public regarded the funeral much as if it had been a circus and in pictures of scenes along its route, amusement is plainly written on the faces of the spectators. According to the des-



A REMARKABLE FUNERAL COFFIN

In this almost regal hearse, M. Chancard, a millionaire French merchant, was carried to the grave.

patches, riotous and derisive crowds followed the hearse through the largest and most important buildings, a bitter commentary on the dead man's estimate of his own importance.

The Victoria and Albert Museum, the largest and most important building of its kind in the world, was officially opened by King Edward on June 26, in the presence of the Queen



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

Recently opened with much ceremony by King Edward. It is the finest and most important museum in the world.



THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN IN MILITARY ATTIRE  
As she appeared when inspecting her regiment recently

and Royal Family, the Cabinet and the Corps Diplomatique. It is ten years since the designs were first prepared; eight years since the fabric was begun. It has cost nearly a million sterling and it contains over a mile of galleries. The tower rises to a height of 250 feet and is surmounted by an Imperial Crown to mark its character as a great national building. The opening was a great event in London, probably unsurpassed in display since the coronation itself.

Suffragettes may well view with emotion the picture of the Queen of Sweden, in her uniform of Colonel of the 34th Fusiliers, visiting her regiment on the parade ground. It is evidently a case of the recognition of woman's rights, even in the control of affairs military. No matter if her position be merely an honorary one, she wears the uniform and receives the respectful attention of the men—an enviable state of affairs no doubt in the eyes of the militant suffragettes of other countries.



JAMES H. COLLINS

Who has made a name for himself as a writer of business articles of business affairs.

ties on Canada appeared in one of the big American illustrated weeklies, which is read by millions of people on this continent. The articles naturally attracted wide-spread interest, for they gave a comprehensive picture of this country and its people. The pleasant-looking, keen-eyed young man, who was able to accomplish this journalistic feat was James H. Collins, who is recognized as one of the most successful writers on the American magazine press to-day. The secret of his success evidently lies in the fact that he has introduced the personal and human element into business articles, which would otherwise have been brilliantly dull, to employ a Chestertonian paradox. Mr. Collins started out in life as a humble printer, he then joined a circus to get a little experience of the unusual, and finally decided to become a writer. At first he confesses, "I read Carlyle, Emerson and Stevenson, and wrote like all of them, one after another." Then he got into trade journalism, where he had to turn out half a million words a year and, because he had to write so much, he did not have time to think of Emerson, Carlyle or Stevenson. He gathered news, and into his re-

ports of events, he wove personal stories, discovering that business men preferred to have facts, dressed up attractively. Mr. Collins to-day derives a big income from his contributions to American periodicals on business and kindred subjects.

No stronger or more striking evidence of the progress and prosperity of Winnipeg can be presented than the massive character of the many buildings which are being erected in the prairie capital. The largest and most costly railway terminal in Canada will be the new Fort Garry station on which work is rapidly proceeding. The station is called Fort Garry as it is on the site, where the "Old Fort Garry," which was built in 1812 to protect the trading posts, established by the Hudson's Bay Company, was originally located. Some 70 acres of ground are occupied near the centre of the city. The union station and terminal yards are being constructed by the Canadian Northern Railway for the joint use of themselves and the Grand Trunk Pacific line. The passenger station is located on Main Street directly opposite Broadway. It is an imposing structure built entirely of native Tyndall

Not so long ago, a pleasant-looking, easy-going young man paid a leisurely visit to two or three of the leading cities of eastern Canada, gossiped with some of the newspaper workers there and called on a few of Canada's big men. He didn't say much, contenting himself with listening. But with his keen, grey eyes he took in everything around him. Then he went back to his home in the United States. A few weeks after a remarkable series of ar-



FORT GARRY STATION, WINNIPEG

The handsome and massive stone structure that will be used by the C.N.R. and the G.T.P.

Manitoba stone, having a length of 350 feet and a depth of 140 feet. The height of the larger portion of the building will be three stories and a basement. There will be a monumental central portion surmounted by a dome 100 feet above the street level. This dome will be directly opposite the centre of Broadway, and beneath it will be the main entrance to the station through a wide stone arch, flanked on either side by massive stone columns projecting 10 feet beyond the main wall of the building. The main floor at the street level containing over 35,000 square feet will be devoted entirely to station purposes. The walls of the waiting room will be embellished with the coat-of-arms

of each of the various provinces of the Dominion executed in gold leaf and colors. The seats in this room will be heavy oak benches of the movable type. The interior, like the ticket lobby, will have the effect of stone construction throughout, the bases and wainscoting being of marble. It is intended to have eight passenger tracks, with adjacent platforms and two separate open running tracks, at the rear for through freight trains. The platform will be 20 feet wide and 1,650 feet long. By means of this great length each track will be capable of handling two trains of eleven cars each during periods of heavy traffic. The capacity of the platform will be 200 70-foot cars.

UP to the point of efficiency, when one is learning a trade or profession, there is comparatively little joyousness in his labor, but with the consciousness of mastery, of thorough knowledge and aptness, comes a feeling of strength, of self-satisfaction, of superiority, which takes away all sense of drudgery, and makes the pursuit of one's occupation a source of constant delight

—William Matthews

## The Benefit of Air Baths

By WILLIAM PAUL GERHARD

World To-Day

IT IS only recently that we are beginning to appreciate the strengthening effect of air and sunlight on the human body and system. Judiciously applied, these two comparatively new methods of bathing constitute natural means for the curing of many ailments, which in a brief period of time have shown more than a moderate amount of success. At the same time, the practice of air bathing recommends itself to persons who are well, for the sake of maintaining a healthy and vigorous constitution.

The practical application of air and sun baths was first developed at some German sanatoria. The original promoter of these baths was a Swiss layman, Arnold Rikli, who opened up in 1865 an "atmospheric cure" for patients in Veldes, in Austria. His successful practice caused him to be known among his peasant neighbors as the "sun doctor." It was he who summarized his views on healing in the brief sentence:

"Water accomplishes cures.

But higher than water stands air,  
And highest of all the light."

A motto which may be seen at the entrance to several of the German municipal public air baths, about which I shall have more to say presently.

At the better class of German sanatoria one nowadays always finds provision made for the practice of air bathing. Dr. Heinrich Lahmann, at his world-famous sanatorium at the Weisser Hirsch, a small community on the right bank of the Elbe, just above Dresden, favored the milder form of light and air bath, and, from 1898

until his untimely death three years ago, became its foremost champion and was very successful in the treatment of his patients.

Many other sanatoria, in which natural methods of healing are practised exclusively, have paid particular attention to the installation of air baths. The sanatoria of Adolf Just, at "Jungborn," in the mountains of the Hartz; of Dr. Gossmann, at Wilhelmshöhe; near Cassel; at Oberwald, in Switzerland; at Lichtenthal, near Baden-Baden; of Bile, at Radebul, near Baden-Baden; at St. Blasien, in the Black Forest, and others too numerous to mention, have become widely known and are visited annually by hundreds of patients in search of health. At all these places suitable enclosures in the woods or of meadow land are provided, where the patients can exercise clad only in the scantiest of clothing.

During a recent extended trip in Europe the writer was not a little astonished to find that many German cities had made provision, either by private health associations or through the municipality, for extensive air baths, which are said to be extremely well patronized by men, women and children during the spring and summer season. Being much interested in the subject, I succeeded in obtaining a very extensive list of those municipalities which have provided them.

The people's air baths usually consist of meadow, pasture or woodland enclosures, on the outskirts of the city, which are provided with numerous inexpensively built dressing compartments, and with some gymnastic

apparatus and possibly a plain shower bath to be used after taking a sun bath. The air baths are always arranged separately for men and women, and are surrounded with very high board fences, which secure privacy and prevent inquisitive people from viewing the interior of the baths. The entrance fee is very low, usually from two and one-half to five cents, and having paid this moderate fee one may stay in the baths as long as one enjoys them. The German race is devoted to gymnastic exercises and in the air baths men and children find ample opportunity to practice healthful sports. Ball-playing and bowling are favorite pastimes, and it would not surprise me to find lawn tennis and even golf-playing introduced at an early date.

Although the word "bath" is popularly associated with water, there are other media in which baths may be taken, such, for instance, as steam vapor and dry hot air, fango or mud, sand, electric light rays and common atmospheric air. One object of all forms of baths is the care of the skin, in order that it may perform its function properly. While the ordinary bath taken in water accomplishes its purposes tolerably well, a free exposure of the human body and skin to the air is far better, particularly if accompanied with healthful exercise or with friction massage.

The requirements of modern civilization and culture compel us to wear clothing, and this is in many respects unfavorable to a vigorous action of the skin. It is in summer time, chiefly, that we frequently become aware of the fact that our clothing excludes the pure air from our bodies to an undesirable degree, and that in this way it interferes with the proper function of the skin, which interference may, and often does, lead to serious trouble and sometimes fatal results. Have we not all experienced a feeling of oppressiveness when we find ourselves in the midst of a dense crowd of people, whether indoors or outdoors, unable to cast off our sur-

plus animal heat? It is no wonder that persons often faint away in large congregations of people.

The clothes which we must wear prevent a free perspiration and exhalation of the skin. In this way they may cause a distinctively perceptible poisoning of the system with effete matters. But while we cannot hope to emancipate ourselves from the wearing of clothes, which is a requirement of fashion, civilization and climate, most constitutions take very readily to the air baths. This is because the human skin is able to endure a low air temperature if gradually accustomed to such an exposure. It is merely a matter of getting used to it by degrees. Just as we require a fresh air supply internally for our lungs, so our bodies and our skins require air externally.

What good is accomplished by air baths? This is a question which deserves careful consideration. The air bath, taken in the garb of nature, in connection with light athletic exercises, hardens the skin and strengthens the body, assists the eliminating work of the lungs, increases skin excretions and gives an opportunity to radiate off the surplus heat of the body. It improves the quality of the blood by increasing its circulation. It cures rheumatic affections, reduces all forms of nervous troubles and is excellent in the treatment of obesity. Assisted by the action of the light rays, the air bath stimulates and acts as a tonic not only to the body but also to the mind.

After practising air bathing for a while, morning and evening, and continuing the bath from the summer well into the winter, one obtains a constitution so hardened that it becomes possible to wear in wintertime less clothes, or to discard heavy underwear and to wear only light, open-mesh and porous clothing. Air bathing thus induces a reform in the clothing worn and prevents the catching of cold. It is particularly adapted to persons leading a sedentary life. It not only induces a good circulation

of the blood, but indirectly causes also a better assimilation of the food. Finally, air bathing vastly improves the appearance of the skin, and physicians find it quite helpful in the treatment of skin diseases.

Can anyone deny that an outdoor air bath is vastly cleaner, nicer, more sanitary and attractive than a bath taken in the Turkish bath establishment? What need hinder us from giving our skin and body at least once, or, better, twice a day, an opportunity to breathe freely by indulging in the simple, modern air bath?

Let us inquire a little further and endeavor to answer the questions which naturally arise, such as these: How, where and when are air baths taken? At what season of the year? How often? How long?

As a rule, it is best for the novice to begin the air bath treatment during the warm season of the year, and in the room. The windows should be kept open as much as possible, first a little, and gradually wider and wider. The air bath should be of five minutes' duration at first; after some time it may be extended to twenty minutes, half an hour or even longer, during which time light exercises should be taken, with household gymnastic apparatus, or else deep breathing and friction exercises should be practised. The feet should be well protected when the air is raw. After the air bath one should dress quickly and take a brisk walk.

As soon as one has accustomed the body to free exposure to the air, one may venture out and take the bath outdoors, wherever facilities for this healthful practice are available. Where other opportunities are lacking, one may take the air bath at any public bathhouse, or at the river, lake or ocean bathing places. Specially prepared, simple, open enclosures, which are not overlooked by neighboring buildings are, of course, greatly to be desired.

It is surprising how soon persons become accustomed to the air exposure. The body and the mind both

feel almost at once some improvement, and few are the persons who do not experience an exhilarating and beneficial effect due to the bath. After a little practice one readily accustoms the body to an air bath of half an hour or an hour's duration even at lower outdoor temperatures. Indeed, many a person has found himself or herself not only able but anxious to continue the air baths far into the winter season. Of course, as soon as the air becomes cold and damp it is necessary to increase the amount of bodily exercise during the bath. As a matter of fact, air baths may be continued even when the snow has fallen, provided the air is dry.

During bathing in the open air, windy or drafty spots and damp localities should be shunned, also the direct exposure to rain. One should not take an air bath directly after a meal, and it is best not to eat or drink during the bath. In the German sanatoria there is always a bathing master present, who leads the drill exercises and deep-breathing movements, who superintends the bathing generally and who assists the novice with advice.

The installation of air baths is simple and inexpensive, and no special fixtures, fittings or appliances of any kind are required. In this respect they are more economical than the various forms of water baths, which always necessitate elaborate plumbing arrangements in expensive bathhouses.

A refreshing douche or spray of water, a morning "cold tub," and an invigorating swim in the river or lake, or finally, the plunge into the foaming surf, all these forms of baths are well enough in their way, but the fact remains that human beings are not really creatures of the watery element, and experience shows that many delicate persons who cannot stand the shock of a cold water bath must accommodate their constitutions.

A negative proof of the immense benefit of sunlight to the human constitution is furnished in a report made by the surgeon of the



steamer *Belgica* of the South Polar Expedition. His observations tend to show that the long-continued absence of sunlight, combined with the lonesomeness, the monotonous food, the extreme cold and the winter gales affected the heart, stomach and brain. Some members of the expedition became unable to concentrate their thoughts, or to do brain-work, and one of the sailors who became almost insane during the long months of darkness, recuperated almost at once when the sun appeared.

The sunlight baths, already mentioned, are a type of bath essentially different from the air baths. They involve the direct exposure of the parts

of the body alternately to the sun rays, and are beneficial to the human system only if taken for a short period of time. The duration of a sun bath should never exceed twenty or thirty minutes, and during exposure to the sun, the head and neck and eyes should be well protected. A frequent change in the position of the body is advisable. The sun bath induces free perspiration and should always be followed by a tepid full bath or a cool spray. It should be taken only under medical direction. It is doubtful whether it would be possible to take it during our semi-tropical summer months because of the danger of heat or sunstroke.

## Dr. Johnson on Pleasure

PLEASURE is very seldom found where it is sought; our brightest blazes of gladness are often kindled from unexpected sparks. The great source of pleasure is variety; uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting. Pleasure is best received when we believe that we give it in return. The choice of a man's pleasures or delight will best discover his real character. If he be most pleased with religion or literary pursuits, we may pronounce him virtuous; if his chief delight is in low company, vicious or vain amusements, he is not, strictly speaking, virtuous. No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.

## Yoke-Mates

By

ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE.

HILLBRIGHT, oil-king and oil prospector, turned from the pleasant retrospects of a forest of "chugging" derricks to let his probing eyes rest on Whipple, who had just told him some uncomplimentary things about himself.

"Joel," he said, quietly. "You've just about accused me of stealing \$15,000 of your money. You forget that you came to me and urged me to take that money and speculate with it in your interests."

"And your own," interrupted the other man, "don't forget that."

"I'm not forgetting it. I haven't forgotten it." Hillbright's thin lips smiled and he rubbed his hands together. "Joel," he asked, "what would you have done with that \$15,000, supposing I had refused to take it?"

Whipple shrugged his shoulders and did not answer.

"You see," said Hillbright, "somebody was going to get that money. I knew that, so I did not hesitate about taking it. I've been fair with you, though; if those Dayton leases proved dead ones, you may know that I lost thousand for thousand with you, but, of course, you don't believe that."

Whipple was gazing across the wide fields of towering derricks. The smell of crude petroleum filled the air. All about the great oil-tanks the ground was black and greasy with crude oil. He turned slowly and looked at Hillbright.

"You've got a knack of smoothin' things over, all right," he said, grimly. "I reckon the oil business makes

a man greasy and smooth in more ways than one. Maybe you don't know just what the loss of that money means to me, but that don't matter, not now. You ask me what I'm goin' to do and I'll tell you, I'm goin' to get away from this State of Ohio as quick as God'll let me. What I've got to say in partin' with you don't concern money matters exactly. I'm not a man that wants to howl because I've been whipped. The thing that pinches the worst now is this. I

consider that I've been done, and done proper—an' by a man I thought was my friend. Don't you speak now, Tommie, just listen till I'm through. I came to you with all the money I had in the world, except a little that I couldn't get hold of—I'm glad now I couldn't get hold of it—and I trusted that money to you. Well, it's gone, an' all I have for it is your word that you dropped as much more yourself. I don't believe that any more than I believe that expression on your face is genuine. If I trusted you, Hillbright, more than any one man has a right to trust another, the reason for it dates back further than your life or mine. Maybe heredity has somethin' to do with it. Your father and mine were better men than you and me are. They were friends, too. Fought together in the war and trusted one another as men do only once in a long while. I'm remindin' you of these things, because I'm ashamed of myself for the confidence I put in you. If I only had to fight memory I'd have an easy time, as far as rememberin' you in the old way is concerned; but you

see, Tommie, I've got to whip it out of my blood. It's goin' to take time to do that."

Hillbright was pacing up and down the oil-browned earth. The flangers of the hands locked behind his broad back were working nervously. His heavy face wore an expression hard to fathom.

Whipple continued, "If I'm a quitter, it's because it ain't in my nature I stay in the game. I hate all this just as much as you love it. My likin' for the big woods an' the open. I have more respect for God's animals horn wild than man-animals trained wild. I'm goin' into a big free country where there's scope for me, Tommie, I'm goin' to Canada and take up a homestead."

Hillbright's face reddened. "Joel," he said, "you mustn't go away with the thoughts that I cheated you, in your head. Come over to my office and I will dispel it right now."

Whipple drew back and his chin squared combatively. "I don't see how that's goin' to mend things," he said, simply. "You don't suppose I'd take that money from you, do you? If I go away thinkin' that you've skinned me good and hard, that's my business. I'm no baby, I'm goin' to hope, that's all. I just want to warn you, and that's more than you did for me. Of all mean snakes in the grass, that I naturally hate, I hate the rattler least, because he gives warnin'. When I have fleeced you, same as you have fleeced me—we'll be good friends again. Don't you ever get rid of the idea that Joel Whipple ain't layin' for you, and if he don't get you sooner or later, it won't be his fault. You see, it's some hard to have to come down to your level, but it's got to be did. Good-bye, Mr. Snake Hillbright—I've rattled." Whipple thrust his hands in his pockets and walked slowly away. Hillbright sat down on a coil of rope and gazed away across the forest of towering derricks.

The fires beneath the two huge caldrons, threw a ruddy glow to the

tree-tops and flashed onward to bronze the sky, which had darkened to the just-before-dawn ebony. A long, gaunt figure seated on a stump against the log wind-break, arose, stretched himself lazily and with a great dipper proceeded to empty the contents of the larger kettle into a smaller one. The sweet smell of boiling maple sap drifted out in a haze of white and the hickory log beneath the kettles parted with a snap, throwing up a million sparks towards the heavens. A shaggy collie dog, started by the sound, arose, took in the situation with a glance, turned twice about, then curled himself up to snooze again.

"Lucky beggar, you are, Jack," laughed the man. "Bein' a dog, you kin sleep all night; bein' a man, I have t' watch th' syrupin' down. Must be nigh mornin', though, and Joel will be comin' afore long. Then I'll have my turn."

All things happen quickly in the wild. Hardly had the white glow of dawn streaked the sky before the gold red of the rising sun broke through the tree-fringe and awoke the already stirring bush-life to vigorous manifestation. Birds piped and squirrels chattered. A spotted-breasted high-loader flew to a stub close beside the fires and proceeded to grub his breakfast from its decayed wood. The dog arose once more, yawned hugely and shook off the balance of his sleepiness. Down across the woodland he had caught the sound of a voice, directing old Bright, the ox. "Gee, there, old clumsy-legs, d've want to upset that barrel of sap?"

"Hello, Joel," called the man by the kettles, as Bright's white sides flashed into view between the trees, "thort you was never comin'."

"End to bring in this sap I gathered last night, and get it bilin' before it scoured, Jake. How's the comin'?"

"Fine an' hunky. Must be five gallons syruped down this bilin'."

"That's fine, haven't had a run of sap like this for the last five years. It's been a great spring for sugar-

makin'. What d'ye suppose is the matter with that ox? He keeps turnin' his head about all the time and wavin' his off ear as though he was flirtn' with a Jersey."

"He misses his mate, Joel; he ain't used t' bein' hitched up without Buck beside him. Where did you leave that Buck?"

"Left him chewin' his cod beside the strawstack. Why?"

"Did you shet th' gate on him?"

"Well, now, I don't remember; what if I didn't?"

"Well, if you didn't you kin look fer him along here any time, that's all. You can't keep them two critters apart without tyin'. There, what did I tell you?" A long moe came through the bush and something was heard crashing through the trees.

Bright lifted his dewy nose and sent an answering call. "By gum!" cried Whipple, "that's some strange, isn't it?"

"You see, they think a lot of each other, same's some people do," reasoned Jake, reaching for his overcoat.

"Jake," said Whipple, dryly, "don't you be foolish. Oxen air friendly because they don't try and do one another. People can't be because they do one another." Having delivered this piece of sage advice, Whipple proceeded to empty the barrel. Chancing to glance up, he noted the puzzled expression on Jake's face. "Don't suppose you have ever been done up good and proper by anybody, have you?" he asked, the wrinkle between his brows deepening.

"Can't say I have," Jake answered. "Have you?"

"Have I? You just bet I have." Whipple slashed the pail viciously into the yellow sap. "And by a friend, too." His eye fell on the oxen, now standing side by side. "Almost a yoke-mate, Jake," he finished. "It don't cost anything to make friends, but—it always costs something to lose 'em." Whipple bent and picked up a glowing coal in his horny fingers

and laid it on the bowl of his pipe. "And if two men have been sorter yoke-mates, as it were, it seems pryer hard to understand how one could just naturally fleece the other—eh?"

"Well, I don't know, seems to be if they're yoke-mates, same as Buck and Bright here, it would come some natural fer 'em to try 'n do it. Them oxen are everlastingly at it. Just t'other night Buck crowded inter Bright's stall and cleaned up on his corn, while Bright was out at th' water-trough; but, th' next day Bright at Buck's turnups up slick and clean. Them two keep on good terms by keepin' even on the thievin', seems to me that's a pretty good rule fer men to follow." Jake tramped off through the bush toward the clearing and Whipple, having emptied the barrel, sat down by the fire, puffing his pipe dreamily.

Just below the sugar shanty a spring gushed and danced along. It flowed from between two great maples and neither Whipple nor Jake, his hired man, had ever learned its source. For some reason, its song seemed livelier and louder than ever this March morning. Whipple caught himself listening and wondering what a great find such a spring would be to the oil-men in the Ohio fields, to whom the water in drilling operations was so much of a necessity. Somehow he had been thinking of the past very much of late. He lifted his head and sniffed the breeze. "No petroleum smell in that, please God," he murmured. "Just wood and leaves an' water, an' that's all th' smell I'm wantin'." He bent and drew a fresh log up close under the kettles. Then with an augur in hand and spades in pocket, he turned toward the great ridge of maples, to tap more trees.

Coming back across the ridge, Whipple discovered a minx-track in the snow, leading into a thick slump of whiplike saplings. He had noticed that slump of tiny shoots before and had wondered what had caused this peculiar freak of nature; for all

about it were trees of mature growth. He passed around the thicket and could not discern where Mr. Minx had come forth. He must be in there still, and minnows being worth money, Whipple determined to find out if he had holed up. With some difficulty he entered the thicket and in its very centre he discovered something that made his eyes brighter. In the centre of the thicket rested a little pond of water. It was so clear that the roots three feet below its surface stood out like blue veins on white flesh. The water kept revolving slowly and in the middle of the pond a little whirlpool had formed. Whipple came forth laboriously at last, his face working. "Right here is where I lay my plans to get Tommie Hillbright," he said, as gently as though he were breathing a prayer.

That night Jake packed his carpet-bag, and took the trail for Sarnia. He was leaving for Ohio State and he had instructions of which he and Whipple alone knew. Next day two Indians from the reserve came down and silently took charge of the sugar-making. Whipple, too, had important business to transact. The day following Jake's departure he hitched the oxen to the sleigh and it was three days before he returned. He had taken away a barrel containing maple syrup, he returned with a barrel containing something else. It was past midnight when he drove up the lane to the big log house. At the stable he held a low-whispered argument with the oxen and after many promises succeeded in working them, by degrees, down the lane and into the bush. There he passed the sugar-fires in a white circle and after much trouble brought up among the giant trees on the ridge. The sapling-thicket stood before him.

The first streaks of dawn were painting the sides when Whipple stabled his weary oxen. He gave them each such a feed of yellow corn, as they had never before received. Then he passed into the silent house

and went to bed. For the first time in five years he was experiencing a feeling of real, wholesome, comfortable joy. He lay looking out of the window at the growing light for a long while. "Oxen are darned queer critters," he murmured. "But they are darned staunch yoke-mates. They're that, cause they even things up with one another." Then he fell asleep and dreamt of Hillbright.

Ten days after Jake's departure, an Indian brought Joel Whipple a letter, it was the first letter of any kind he had received since he had been in the new country. Whipple opened the letter with clumsy, trembling fingers.

"Dear Joole," he read, "I have bin in the Ohio oil-fields for nearly a week. I found Mr. Hillbright all hunky-dory, when I told him that our spring was that they the cows wouldn't drink the water, he got a map and studied it and then he ups and said he was coming back with me, says he wants to see you awful bad cause you were boys together. I guess we have played our cards all right. You doctor the spring right away. We will be there about the 20th day of April."

Jake Twigg."

Whipple unyoked the cattle and started toward the bush on a half run. There was work to do. He had just remembered that to-day was the 20th of April.

That afternoon Whipple, saw in hand, was trimming the little apple-orchard, about his home, when Jake and a tall, broad-shouldered man turned up the lane toward the house. The spring day was alive with sunshine and sweet twitters of nesting birds. A warm sweet-smelling mist hung above the newly ploughed field. Only occasionally did the breeze from the south bring on its wings the faintest scent of crude oil. Whipple went forward to greet the new arrivals.

"Well of all things, if it ain't Tommie," he said, holding out his

hand. Hillbright took it and as those two looked into one another's faces each saw an expression of genuine gladness.

"I've been wanting to find you for years, Joel," said the oil-king. "I thought you must have got lost."

"How d'ye like my place?" asked Whipple, proudly.

"Fine, Joel, fine. Man, I don't blame you for wanting to get into a country like this. How much land do you own?" Perhaps Hillbright's sharp eyes narrowed ever so little as he asked the question. If so Whipple did not notice it apparently.

"I own two hundred acres," he answered. "Cost me \$2,500."

Hillbright smiled slowly. "Any rattle-snakes here, Joel?" he asked, his eyes twinkling.

"Just one, and you want I watch that feller," answered Whipple. "No, Tommie, I ain't forgot a promise I made; not much."

"Then you still think?" — commenced Hillbright.

"That I was hooked by a yoke-mate? You bet I do, but when my horns get a little stouter I'm goin' to hook back, Tommie. Howsoever we won't talk about that. Come in and we'll get somethin' 't eat."

"Joel," said Hillbright, after dinner, "Jake has told me all about that spring of yours, and I'll confess it was more than mere friendship brought me here. Of course, I wanted to see you because there is something—but that can wait. Tell me just where is this property of yours located on this map?"

Whipple dried his hands on the dish towel and leaned over the map of Ontario, which Hillbright spread out on the table.

"Let me see, just you pint me out Sarnia," he said.

Hillbright put his pencil mark on Sarnia, "Well I'm right about here," directed Whipple, taking the pencil and making a little cross on the paper.

"Which would make you about thirty or thirty-five miles northwest by east, of Sarnia, say it does look as though you were in it."

"In it," cried Whipple, "you bet I'm in it, right in clover here, Tommie, right in clover."

Hillbright arose, "You don't mind my taking a stroll about your farm, do you, Joel?" he asked, "I want to see that bush of yours. You go right on with your tree-trimming. I know this is your busy season. I'll be back in a couple of hours." From the barn, Joel and Jake watched the big man climb the hill to the maple-ridge. Then they shook hands.

"You'll pay him back in his own coin, I reckon," whispered Jake.

"Am I in it! Oh, just am I? laughed Whipple, "Jake, I'm too dang'd smart for a farmer; I art to have studied law."

It was nearly evening when Hillbright rejoined Whipple in the orchard. Coming up the lane, he had passed the oxen, who with wonderment in their mild eyes were vainly striving to get rid of a nasty oily taste in their mouths. Hillbright smiled as he noticed their wrinkled noses and apparent disgust.

"Your oxen seemingly don't like the taste of that spring down yonder," he laughed, when Whipple asked him what he thought of the place. "It's too bad it's not good water, Joel."

"I don't know what's the matter with that water," lied Joel, taking a chew of Canada twist. "If that spring was only sweet it would put one thousand dollars extra value on this place."

Hillbright sat down at the root of an apple-tree. "Joel," he said abruptly, "I'm going to be fair with you. You think I fleeced you once and maybe you think I'd do it again, but I'm going to make that impossible, I want to know just what you are willing to take for this two hundred acres of land."

Whipple's saw dropped with a twang. This was certainly better than he had expected. He was quick with his answer. "I'll take \$32,500," he said so suddenly that Hillbright started.

"That's a rattling long price," he returned with meaning.

Joel's eyes twinkled. "Just leave that word rattle out of the conversation please," he grinned.

Hillbright drew forth his check-book. "Old friend," he smiled, "I'm going to pay you that price." He filled in a check for \$32,500, and standing up, handed it to bewildered Joel. "I'm going now to send Jake to Saranac," he said. "I want to wire for three drilling outfits at once." Whipple went on with his pruning and kept an eye on the lane. Soon he saw Jake walk quickly away.

"He's going to get some drillin' outfits, is he?" he chuckled. "Oh, my, isn't this good. Isn't this just too good, Joel, you rattler," he laughed. "You are goin' to show this old yoke-mate o' yours that you are smart, real right-down smart."

While awaiting the arrival of the drilling outfits, Hillbright was much away. He took long walks and there was not one land-owner in the district that did not get to know him. Often at night when he and Whipple sat before the door smoking and talking over old times, he would catch a look of almost pity in the eyes of the man who had sold him the bush farm at a "rattling" long price.

At last the long-looked-for outfits arrived and Joel prepared to have his crowning joy at Hillbright's expense. "I'll jest let him draw a few blanks, like he let me one time," he told himself. He fully expected that Hillbright would drill in the vicinity of the spring and when the first derrick was erected in a low swampy spot nearly half a mile lower down, he began to wonder at the foolishness of mankind. "Hillbright's a bigger ninny than I thought him,"

he told Jake. "Gosh, just you wait till he finds out how I've fleeced him."

But a great surprise was in store for Whipple. Three weeks after that chugging, pounding drill had started to bite its way into the bowels of the earth, something happened that set the whole countryside agog with excitement and the world knew for the first time that another of Canada's hidden resources had been discovered. One morning Hillbright, who had been much with the drillers of late, came to where Whipple was packing up his farming utensils and said, "We've struck a gusher." Whipple dropped the piece of machinery on the floor and gazed at the oil-kling open-mouthed. "In five years this is going to be one of the biggest oil fields in the world," went on Hillbright, confidently. "That wasn't such a rattling long price you asked, after all, Joel."

Jake came out scratching his head and looking his surprise. "Then you struck it," he gasped.

Hillbright nodded. "There's a lake of it under here," he declared. Whipple sat down weakly on the barn floor and took his head in his hands.

"It serves me right," he almost sobbed, "it sure serves me right. I sold that spring so's to fool you, and here you haven't been fooled at all. I sold millions of dollars' worth o' you for \$32,500. Oh, by gosh, I haven't bit you any at all. You've beat me at my own game, Tommie."

Hillbright bent and lifted the huddled form from the floor; then he led him out into the sunshine. "Joel," he said, "I don't want you to think that I was fooled any from the start. We oil men don't look for oil in springs, we have a surer method of locating the amber fluid. I've been chasing greasy, yellow-green oil for greasy, yellow green-backs too long to be fooled by surface indications, even if they were genuine. You see I went further and found what I ex-

pected to find. We will build a town right here and we'll call it Petrolia, in commemoration of that harrel I found in the spring thickets."

Whipple groaned. "I didn't want to fleece you only for one thing," he wailed. "I can't get rid of th' idea that you did me, Tommie—and me and you good yoke-mates at that. I simply wanted to even things up so's that we could be yoke-mates again."

"God bless us," laughed Hillbright, "don't I know? And now I'm going to fix that right here. After you had left the Ohio fields, I thought I would spend a few thousands in your interests in sinking those dusters a little deeper—those dry-holes, you remember, you held me accountable for. Well, I did it and as a result, brought in four of the best paying wells in the district. Those wells are yours and mine, because I really did sink dollar for dollar with you in the enterprise—and they have been pumping up money for you and me for three years or more. Your earnings from those wells to date amount to just exactly \$32,500; so in reality, Joel, I paid you your own money for the deed of this two hundred acres."

Whipple gasped. "Well, I never," he said. "An' here for five years I've been blamin' you for my loss of \$15,000. Well it serves me

right, an' now I'm going to ask your pardon, Tommie, and sneak up further into the country. I can't leave Canada."

"But you can't very well go now, Joel," smiled Hillbright. "You see you and I are partners again. When you were shaking hands with yourself for getting even with me, I was out leasing land. You musn't forget that I still had \$32,500 of your money and this with as much more of my own has made you and I practically owners of this big field."

Whipple looked at the speaker in amazement. "You don't mean to say, that right in the face of my tryin' to play you dirt, you went out and helped make me a fortune, do you?" he gasped.

"Well," laughed Hillbright, "call it what you will. I certainly tried to look after your interests. I've got a bunch of leases and deeds here in your name, anyway. You stand to make dollar for dollar with me in this enterprise, so I guess we're even."

Slowly, hesitatingly Whipple held out his hand. "Would you take it, old yoke-mate?" he asked, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Old yoke-mate, you can just bet I will," cried Hillbright, and just inside the door Jake Twigg threw his hat to the ceiling and danced a horn-pipe on the barn-floor.

IN my course I have known, and according to my measure have co-operated with great men and I have never yet seen any plan which has not been mended by the observations of those who were much inferior in understanding to the person who took the lead in the business.

Bacon

# The House Fly a Poisoner

By ROBERT FRANKLIN

From Technical World

**I**T HAPPENS every day, and so one pays very little attention. May be it is the butter, or perhaps the slice of bread alongside one's plate. Or else, quite possibly, it is the milk in the pitcher. Then, whatever it is that attracts the omniscient fly, its appearance, as it crawls over the food on the table, is unappetizing.

This sort of thing seems to be unavoidable—wherefore the person who deems himself philosophical puts up with it patiently. Flies are an annoyance, of course; they are even a nuisance—but, aside from the obvious precautions of window-screens, what is one to do? They are a kind of continuous plague that has always afflicted mankind, and presumably will afflict him in the future.

Here, expressed in a few words, is a pretty fair statement of the attitude of the people at large in regard to house-flies. It represents a combination of ignorance with an indifference springing from long habit. But, before going further, let us consider the facts about the above-mentioned fly, which, having tasted the butter and sampled the bread, is now by way of drowning himself in the milk-pitcher.

Is the insect a desirable table guest? Well, hardly. Annoying? Yes, of course. But this is a trifling matter, relatively speaking. It is not only fleshy, but altogether certain that the fly in question has recently been walking over some sort of unspeakable nastiness, and that his feet in particular are covered with putrefactive, and

other objectionable germs—which, as a matter of course, are freely transferred to the butter, the bread, or any other food over which the insect crawls.

Unfortunately, a fondness for human food and drink is not the only weakness of the house-fly. Fifth of all kinds has for him an irresistible attraction; and it is this commingling of tastes that renders him so dangerous. Above all things, he seems to delight in feeding upon the waste products of the human body, and in this way it is that he exercises so important a function as a carrier of typhoid fever.

The health authorities of New York City estimate that about one-half of the deaths from typhoid in the metropolis annually are attributable to the distribution of the germs by flies. But, serious as this matter is, it is of vastly less importance than the destruction of human life, particularly that of young children, by the bowel complaints which these insects are chiefly instrumental in spreading. It is reckoned that deaths from these latter maladies in New York would be reduced from 7,000 to about 2,000 a year if proper precautions were taken to prevent the breeding of flies.

In view of these facts, and of others presently to be recited, it is not surprising that some communities, notably Washington, should have begun crusades against the fly pest. People in many parts of the country are beginning to wake up to the fact that the insect is not merely a nuisance,

but a menace to health and life. Health boards in various cities are taking action, some of the state boards of health are doing likewise; and the Federal authorities are co-operating by every means in their power—the great object in view being to arouse public sentiment on the subject by making the facts widely known.

Publicity is what is principally wanted. It is a question of educating the people on the subject—of making clear to them the mischief done by house-flies, and the ease with which the pest can be done away with by the adoption of a few simple precautions. Only the other day a large poster-sheet was issued by the state board of health of Florida, intended for wide distribution and to be tacked up in all public places—the printed information on it being rendered more impressive by a vividly-drawn series of pictures showing flies winging their way directly from garbage cans, heaps of filth, and other sources of pollution, to the food on the dinner-table, the baby's milk, and the bedside of the typhoid fever patient.

It is, in short, an anti-pollution crusade that has been begun. The people must be made to realize that the house-fly is, of all existing creatures, the most dangerous to mankind. While—owing to the cause above mentioned—it makes a specialty of intestinal diseases, it is also a carrier of tuberculosis. Tubercular material, like any other nastiness, attracts the insect, and for this reason, should be carefully protected from flies. Otherwise, they will carry the germs to the kitchen and the table, depositing them upon food.

To protect all kinds of foodstuffs from flies is now realized to be of utmost importance. Indeed, the ominous buzzing so frequently heard in the pantry is far more to be dreaded than the high-keyed note of the mosquito in the sleeping-room above. For there is no such thing as a clean house-fly; the insect, bred in filth, is always a carrier of microbes. Microscopic examinations made by the

health authorities of New York City, in 1907, showed that the average fly among 414 of the insects caught between July 27 and August 20, the height of fly time, carried on its body 1,222,570 bacteria.

These experiments indicated that the number of bacteria on a single fly may range all the way from 550 to 6,600,000. As summer advances, the number of germs per insect rapidly increases. The method adopted was to catch the individual fly with a sterile fly-net, introduce it into a sterilized bottle of water, and shake the bottle to wash the germs from its body—the result being just about what would happen if the fly had fallen into a jug of milk. Some of the flies were captured in cow stables, pig-pens and swill-barrels. It is from such favorite haunts that they come direct to our kitchens and dinner-tables.

So conspicuous is the house-fly as an agent for the distribution of typhoid fever that the government bureau of entomology suggests the appropriateness of calling it the "typhoid fly." Beyond question it was mainly accountable for the outbreaks of this deadly disease in our military camps during the war with Spain, in 1898. Every regiment developed typhoid within eight weeks after assembling in the encampments, and in every one of the camps, in the North, as well as in the South, the malady became epidemic.

From first to last, one in every five of our soldiers in the national encampments developed the disease, and of the total deaths more than eighty per cent. were caused by typhoid. It was the flies that did it. Indeed, they were seen walking over the food in the kitchen tents and mess tents with their feet visibly whitened by lime from the camp latrines. Every man sick from typhoid became a fresh source, through the medium of the insects, of infection for his comrades. In autumn, as the weather grew cooler, the flies gradually disappeared, of course, and the disease diminished

proportionately with the death of the pernicious pests.

This was furnished a very striking object lesson in the relation between the house-fly and typhoid fever. But there is plenty of other evidence. Physicians hitherto have been accustomed to regard as inevitable what they call the "fall rise" in typhoid deaths—that is to say, the marked increase in the number of such deaths in the autumn of each year. But it is noticeable that if the time be set back two months, from the report of death to the contraction of the disease, it exactly corresponds to the period when flies are most numerous and active. In other words, the flies do the mischief, and about sixty days later the victims perish.

The diarrhoea, summer dysentery, and other intestinal complaints which carry off so many young children in hot weather have always been attributed mainly to temperature. But it is now realized that this was a mistake. The diseases in question are so prevalent at that time of the year because it is then that flies are most numerous. They are caused by specific and well-recognized germs, which the flies distribute. Hence—as is now for the first time understood—the relative immunity of breast-fed babies to such complaints, as compared with infants artificially fed, whose food is more or less exposed to the dangerous insect.

It would be incorrect to suppose that flies are alone responsible for the distribution of typhoid fever. There are other sources of infection, notably water and milk. But the insect is certainly one of the principal agents concerned; and as for dysentery and other such intestinal disorders, it is undoubtedly the chief mischief-maker. In New York City several local epidemics of typhoid have been traced to flies; and figures of deaths and of fly multiplication, reduced to mathematical curves, have shown that these infectious bowel complaints, which cause so great an annual slaughter of young children, increase and diminish exactly with the augmentation

and falling-off of the number of flies.

In order to make the experiment as fair as possible, the flies wanted for bacteriological examination were caught in cages in various parts of New York—on the water front, in the slum districts, on Fifth Avenue uptown, and elsewhere. One was captured on South Street, which on inspection was found to be carrying in his mouth and on his legs over 100,000 focal microbes. He had been walking over filth on the water-front, and was on his way to the nearest milk-pitcher. Similar studies, by the way, were made last summer in the City of Washington, including "intensive" observations of both flies and diseases in a district comprising eight squares. The results are not yet quite ready for publication.

One of the diseases spread by the house-fly is Asiatic cholera—a fact discovered as long ago as 1849, when there was an epidemic of that dreaded malady at Malta. A warship of the British Mediterranean Squadron, the *Superb*, was cruising for six months during that period, with cholera on board most of the time. On leaving Malta and putting to sea, the flies which had swarmed on the vessel gradually disappeared, and the scourge slowly left her. But later on, when she entered the harbor of Malta again, though without communication with the shore, the flies returned in force, and the cholera likewise. Since that date cholera germs have been found repeatedly in fly-specks in cholera wards in hospitals.

Dr. George M. Kober, of Washington, a recognized authority, says that allowing for time lost by sickness, expense for medical treatment, etc., typhoid alone, for which the fly is so largely responsible, costs the people of the United States \$350,000,000 annually.

Notwithstanding these facts, the insect is encouraged to breed unrestricted everywhere. It is allowed to enter freely the houses of most of our people. It is permitted to spread germs over food supplies in our markets, in our kitchens, and in our din-

ing-rooms; while in public restaurants the patron is compelled literally to fight for his meal with swarms of the parasitic creatures, alert, persistent, and unterrified.

Why endure it? If it were difficult to get rid of the house-fly, a general failure on the part of communities to make any effort to reduce its numbers might properly be termed criminal neglect. But, inasmuch as it is an easy matter to put a stop to the plague for good and all, there is no excuse. That it continues to exist is attributable to a combination of ignorance and carelessness which is a disgrace to our civilization. Flies signify public and widespread pollution. They signify not merely discomfort, but the wholesale distribution of disease and death. Is it not full time, then, that the people should rise up and exterminate the cause of such mischiefs?

In order to make clear the easy means whereby the house-fly may be exterminated, it is first necessary to explain in a few words its method of reproduction. The female always lays her eggs in accumulations of filth of some kind—whence it follows that, if filth were not allowed to accumulate, there would be no more flies. But the particular kind of filth most sought for the purpose is horse manure. It is reckoned that ninety-five per cent. of all the flies in our cities are propagated in stables where horses are kept. Every such stable is a fly hatchery; and a single stable will turn out enough flies continuously during the summer to supply an entire neighborhood.

The female lays her eggs in a close-packed clump either in or upon the manure or other filth material. Usually she deposits about 120 of them in a batch. They are of an elongated almond shape, pearly white and highly polished. With the microscope they are seen to be finely sculptured with delicate hexagonal markings. Under favorable circumstances they will hatch in ten or twelve hours. It is possible that a female fly may lay more than one batch of eggs during

her life, but this is a question not yet satisfactorily settled.

From each egg is hatched a footless maggot, which feeds upon the decomposing vegetable matter to be found in the manure or other material by which it is surrounded. In stable manure the eggs may often be dug out in masses numbering many thousands, from a few inches below the surface. At the end of a week or less the maggots are transformed into chrysalids, which, at first of a pale yellowish color, rapidly change to bright red and finally to a dark chestnut hue. Another week, or less, passes by, and then the perfect flies break their way out of the chrysalids and take wing. They pair promptly; the females lay fresh batches of eggs, and another generation is started. The whole cycle, from egg to perfect insect, under favorable circumstances, is accomplished in from ten days to a fortnight.

The insects will breed in fermenting vegetable or animal material of almost any kind. Garbage suits them first-rate. The maggots and chrysalids have been found in great numbers in rotten straw mattresses, among old cotton garments, and even in waste paper that had been exposed to wet. But the fly crop is derived mainly from the source already mentioned.

Now, so far as stables are concerned, which are accountable for ninety-five per cent. of the fly output in cities, the hatching of the insects can be absolutely prevented by the simple device of putting all manure into a covered receptacle, and removing the contents once a week. This receptacle should be a water-tight bin or pit, provided with a cover, so as to prevent the ingress and egress of flies.

The additional methods demanded are the following: Abolish all unsanitary outhouses. Allow no accumulations of filth of any kind. Compel people to put all their garbage in covered cans, and remove the contents at least once a week. Compel owners of abattoirs to keep all refuse

in covered receptacles; and remove such waste at least once a week.

If these simple measures were enforced in any community, the house-fly would soon become a rare species of insect in that locality. All that is needed in order to achieve this end is an adequate system of inspection, especially with regard to stables, and the enforcement of a suitable penalty in cases of failure to obey the ordinance. Nobody could seriously object, inasmuch as not much trouble and no expense worth mentioning would be involved.

As Dr. L. O. Howard, the Government entomologist-in-chief, says: "It is the duty of every individual to guard against flies on his premises. It is the duty of every community, through its board of health, to spend money in warfare against this enemy of mankind. The duty is as clear as if the community were attacked by bands of ravenous wolves. That the typhoid fly—a creature born in filth, and literally swarming with disease germs—should practically be invited to multiply unchecked, even in great centres of population, is nothing less than criminal."

The health authorities of New York City estimate that the anti-fly work, when properly carried out, will reduce the typhoid deaths in the metropolis from 650 to about 350 a year, and diarrhoeal deaths from 7,000 to about 2,000. This saving of more than 5,000 lives per annum will be accompanied by an additional saving of 50,000 cases of serious sickness.

An objectionable characteristic of the house-fly which has not been mentioned is that it is strongly attracted by any moist sore on the body of a human being or animal. During the civil war there was an appalling mortality on both sides from what was called "hospital gangrene"—a malady now known to owe its distribution mainly to flies. Unfortunately, the germ theory of disease was as yet undeveloped, and medical science knew no means of fighting the dreaded compallant. Nothing is easier than

for a fly to alight upon an erysipelas sore, and carry germs from it to a healthy wound on another person—the usual result in such a case being the development of "traumatic erysipelas," which is an extremely dangerous and frequently fatal disorder.

One fact that ought to be very distinctly understood is that the filth carried by a fly on his legs, though quite sufficient to do plenty of mischief, is inconsiderable in quantity compared with what he conveys from place to place in his intestinal canal, depositing it wherever he happens to alight. So constant is this process of deposition that, as ascertained by careful observation, five minutes rarely elapse without the making, by any individual fly, of at least one fly-speck. If people realized that this was continually going on while flies crawled over their food, they might better appreciate the importance of preventing it.

A painstaking study of the subject by Dr. N. A. Cobb, of the Department of Agriculture, has shown that the number of germs of all kinds passed in this way through the body of the fly, and deposited by preference on our walls, picture-frames, chandeliers, furniture, and, worst of all, food-stuffs, exceeds by at least 1,000 times the number carried on the legs. This fact has been ascertained by actual count. Furthermore, by a curious paradox, the house-fly is, after its own fashion, very clean. It is constantly engaged in washing itself, and the filth on its legs it cleans off, as anybody may easily notice, if he will but watch the process, by drawing them through its mouth, thus transferring the virulent germs to its stomach.

Typhoid fever, dysentery, cholera morbus, tuberculosis, Asiatic cholera, and certain infectious eye diseases are among the maladies already known to be distributed by the house-fly. But in all likelihood it carries the germs of a good many other complaints. By occupation a parasite on man, living at his expense, and depending upon him to a great extent

for protection, this abominable insect returns the obligation by afflicting upon its benefactor suffering and death in a great variety of forms.

It is a remarkably intelligent insect. From birth it seems to be perfectly well aware that man is its enemy, but apparently regards him with contempt as a sluggish and crawling creature of inferior activity and resource. Its sight is very acute, each of its two huge eyes being literally several thousand eyes in one; and for each of these myriad eyes it is provided with a separate lens and retina—though, of course, all of them furnish to the brain of the fly a single image, just as our own two eyes see only one object. In addition, it is able to think and act upon its sight in a small fraction of the time which the smartest man requires to go through the same processes.

The fly's cunning is doubtless a matter of inherited experience. Unlike ourselves, the insect is born wise. It sees not very much of the world during its lifetime, for it rarely travels more than a few rods away from the place where it was originally hatched. The widespread popular notion that it bites on occasions is wholly erroneous. It has no mouth-parts for biting. Occasionally stable flies, of entirely different species, find their way into dwelling-houses and bite people—whence the mistake. Another wrong idea is that it walks on the ceiling by the help of sucking discs attached to its feet—the fact being that each of its six paws is provided with a pair of cushions and two hooks. The cushions are provided with minute hairs, which are kept moist by a secretion,

causing them to adhere to a smooth surface.

Like other insects, the house-fly has enemies, one of which is the familiar household myriapod, commonly known as a "centipede." But the most effective foe of the fly is a peculiar fungus disease. One sometimes sees a specimen of *Musca domestica* fastened to a window-pane by the whitish threads of this fatal fungus. But, in spite of all hostile influences—even cold, which wipes out the great majority in the winter time—a sufficient number of flies, in cool latitudes, always find shelter, mostly in dwelling-houses, to start a fresh generation in the following spring.

It does seem wonderful, when one comes to think of it, that so small and contemptible an insect should be able to do such an immense deal of harm to mankind. But it is much more astonishing that we, now that we have come to understand the dangerous character of this hitherto-despised adversary, should not only permit, but encourage it to breed among us—actually, as it might be said, establishing and maintaining hatcheries, in the shape of stables, for its artificial propagation. Surely, however, this state of affairs cannot much longer continue. Ignorance no longer furnishes an excuse. Action must be taken for the extermination of this insect enemy. In fact, it has already been begun. And there is every reason to believe that eventually the adoption of proper measures, such as those above suggested, will result, in the practical extermination of the winged pest in our communities and free us from some of the ills that beset us.

---

"ENTHUSIASM breakfasts on obstacles—lunches on objections—dines on competitors and rests in peaceful slumber on their scattered tail feathers."

---

A. E. London

# The Light Side of Finance

By HARRY FURNESS

From the Strand Magazine

THERE are many stories of the lighter side of finance in which love affairs find a place. Perhaps none of these are more peculiar than the story of James Lick, a name famous all over the world through a monument to his memory, the great Lick Observatory, in California. In the financial world the great city of San Francisco is a monument to Lick's luck—he foresaw the possibility of the great city of the Pacific Slope, bought the land on which it now stands, and became a millionaire. Before that time the name of Lick was great in the musical world. Lick's pianos—out of which he made the money which he invested in land—were manufactured by him. But on the poetic side of life—a world apart from such things as piano-making and mud-flats—the great Lick Mill stands as a monument to Lick's love.

In early life James Lick sought the hand of a miller's daughter, but was repelled by the father on the ground that the young suitor did not possess a mill. Many years afterwards, when he had become one of the richest men in the States, he erected a large mill and adorned it like a palace. It was built of mahogany and costly woods and erected solely as a memorial of his youthful attachment. His only pleasure was to contemplate this palatial mill and to gloat over the man who spurned him for his poverty.

Another eccentricity of his was his bequest of sixty thousand dollars to be devoted to a statue to the composer of "The Star-Spangled Ban-

ner;" I suppose because that national air had, in years past worn out so many pianos he had made his money in manufacturing.

Lick was a generous man, and would have made an excellent husband. Narrow finance of the well-to-do brings more misery to married folk than drink or extravagance. A side-light on the misery caused by meanness actually showed that in the "free" country, quite recently, a wife brought action against her husband for divorce on the ground that excessive economy constitutes legal cruelty.

According to the wife's story, this husband, though born in America, was apparently of Scottish origin, established a strong claim to the diamond belt of meanness. On the twelfth anniversary of the wedding the wife asked for an increase of two dollars on her weekly allowance to supply the table. This so enraged the husband that he forthwith deserted her. The climax in thrift was reached when her husband compelled their son to take long steps to save his shoes. Short-stepping was extravagance, he said, because by increasing his stride the boy could cover just as much ground and save leather also.

The name of Vanderbilt is one of the greatest in the role of financial giants that the world has ever seen. America is justly proud of the family of fortune. The "Commodore," who founded the great house, a man of surpassing power in commerce, must have been, one would imagine, a gentleman with a well-balanced mind

and, at the height of his success, a man of supreme dignity. Gould is another name to conjure with in finance. The founder of that gigantic fortune, one would think, must have been such another as the founder of the Vanderbilts—dignified, unimaginative, a pillar of the great commercial world. Yet nothing could better illustrate the lighter side of finance than a scene enacted between these two giants, which I will now describe.

One night Vanderbilt and Gould met on most important business in the former's parlor, when both were in the zenith of their fame. In the eyes of the public they were bitter enemies, and matters had to come to a climax. No sooner had the great rivals exchanged courtesies, and started their private conversation on a question in relation to which many millions were at stake, than the Ancient Mariner, the Commodore—Vanderbilt the First—apparently overcome by the excitement of the meeting, suddenly fell down in a faint and rolled off his chair on to the floor, where he lay as if dead. Mr. Gould's anxiety may be more easily imagined than described. It is said "that his first impulse was to rush to the door and summon aid; but he found it locked and no key in it. 'This,' continues an authentic account of the historic scene, 'increased his alarm, and he became greatly agitated. Vanderbilt lay motionless. Once there was a heavy sigh and a half-suffocated breathing, as if it were the last act of respiration.' His rival watched the great financier lying in this condition; every minute seemed hours. What could he do, should his rival die? Great Heavens! What a position! It was well known that they were deadly rivals. It was common knowledge that they had publicly denounced each other. Vanderbilt was much the older, the richer, and the greater. Gould had everything to gain by his death. He had sought a private interview, late at night. Now, to find Gould alone in

Vanderbilt's parlor, Vanderbilt dead, and Gould bending over him, would have been one of the most tragic events in the history of commerce. But the trick did not work. Yes, reader, the trick! Vanderbilt the Great was acting the whole time so as to rouse Gould's sympathy and induce him to smooth matters over!

Another striking product of financial America was Daniel Drew, a Wall Street speculator, who at one time (1865) was the richest man in the United States, worth, it is said, thirteen million dollars. Drew began life as a cattle-drover, but with the assistance of a New York butcher, Henry Astor—a brother of the great millionaire, John Jacob Astor—he bought cattle in Ohio and drove them himself over the Allegheny Mountains, each journey occupying two months. In time he opened a cattle-yard in New York, made money, paid Astor back his loan, and in the end became a great power in Wall Street, where he was known as "Uncle Daniel." He never altered his attire, but still dressed in the slovenly clothes of his cattle-droving days. Like Vanderbilt, Drew was absolutely uneducated. He pronounced the word shares "sheers," and Vanderbilt spelt boiler "boylar." Neither man believed in books, keeping all their gigantic accounts in their heads, and Drew's speculations were colossal.

Of his methods of making money the following anecdote will afford an excellent idea.

One evening he entered a club in which were assembled a number of men of the financial world. Old Daniel ran in, as if to look for some important stockbroker, and then ran out again.

"Guess Dan'l has some points," said one.

"He's on the scoop," said a second. "It would be worth a few million dollars to know what's in Uncle Daniel's head," said a third.

Drew re-entered the room more excited than he left it. Carelessly pulling a large pocket-handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe his fevered



brow, he drew with it a small piece of white paper, which fluttered to the floor, apparently unseen by him. Then he hurriedly departed. A rush was made for the slip of paper, on which was written, in his own handwriting, the following ominous words: "Buy me all the Oakleigh stock you can, at any price you can get it, below par."

Here was news indeed! All thought that particular stock was already too high; this accidental discovery clearly showed they were wrong. Some new move was, no doubt, imminent; not a moment was to be lost. All those present joined, and the first thing the following morning purchased thirty thousand shares from a broker whom old Drew had in wait for them, and he scooped in an enormous profit.

In finance, as in any other game, it is the tricks that win the pool.

The word "pool" recalls to my mind another trick of Drew's which ought to be mentioned in connection with what I have been saying, for it reminds me of water. Take the Stock Exchange expression, "watering stock"; what was its origin? It originated in a clever ruse of Daniel Drew, who was, as I have said, originally a drover, and he continued to sell cattle after he had become a speculating king in the financial world. It was his practice to give his cattle salt, so as to create thirst, and to make them drink large quantities of water, which caused them to swell, and appear, on sale day, much bigger and fatter than they really were. This watering of cattle was cute, clever, successful business, and neither more nor less dishonest than "watering stock," which has to be done in the same wily way. Knowledge such as enabled the level-headed Drew to perform both watering feats with success is obviously of more service to students who want to live in this practical age than theories about how water finds its level or what are its chemical constituents.

Wealthy men, if not guilty of trickery, are often abnormally suspicious of tricks. The celebrated author, the

late Charles Reade, was one of this kind. He always imagined he was being robbed, and set traps to catch the thieves. When he became lessee of the old Queen's Theatre he suspected that his ticket office cheated him by letting in the public for anything they should get and keeping the money. So Reade turned up the collar of his overcoat, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and, shuffling up to the box-office as the people were going in, he showed a half-crown into the box-office keeper's hand, and whispered:—

"It's all right—that's for you—I don't want a ticket. Just pass me through."

The clerk ran out, seized Reade by his coat-collar, and was passing him roughly into the street, when he recognized his "chief."

Reade next suspected the theatre-sweepers. Money and valuables must be lost in the theatre; none, however, were brought to him. So he dropped a five-pound note under one of the seats, and waited.

Presently in came a charwoman with the note, which "somebody must have dropped, as she found it under one of the seats."

Reade gave her the five pounds. Bribery, blackmail, corruption of all kinds frequently illustrate the light side of finance. There is a story of a young man who, late one cold and wintry night, found the door of his college locked against him. The young man outside argued with the doorkeeper inside, cajoled and entreated, but to no avail. Eventually he slipped half a sovereign under the door and was admitted. It was a financial deal wisely thought out on strict business lines. Once inside, he informed the janitor (falsely) that unfortunately, after taking the half-sovereign out of his purse, he had dropped the purse itself on the doorstep. The attendant went out to secure it, but once on the chilly, wet doorstep, the door was slammed. Then the deal was repeated, for the shivering mercenary was not allowed

into his warm abode until he had slipped the half-sovereign back again.

It may be truly said that the most beneficial financier to the man in the street is the pawnbroker. There are many well-known stories of the way in which the clever rogue outwits them. The following is a true one.

In the East-end of London many pawnbroking establishments have been run by one able financier who, having made a fortune, now sees his sons brought up in the business, follow in his steps, occasionally gives them his advice, and takes a general fatherly interest in some of the larger establishments. The sons are as shrewd as their father.

One day a young man, well dressed, swaggered into their principal establishment and asked for a temporary loan of thirty pounds on a very fine bracelet. He had no sooner left the shop than the old pawnbroker walked in with a list of stolen articles which the police had just issued. The first on the list was, beyond question, the very bracelet upon which the young man had borrowed the money. In a moment both old and young pawnbrokers were in a taxicab on the way to Scotland Yard. In passing round a corner the young man exclaimed to the father, "There he is, in that cab. I have no doubt about that being the fellow I have just given the thirty pounds to."

"Hi, cabby," called the father to their driver, "track that cab down and, when you can, block him in."

The taxi-cab driver did his work

well. Seeing a policeman at a little distance he waited until they came opposite to him and then blocked the way of the hansom. The young man in it was out like a shot, but the policeman was after him, and he was captured, brought back, and charged by the young pawnbroker with having obtained thirty pounds.

"You are quite mistaken. I have never been near your shop."

"I'll risk that," said the old pawnbroker. "Constable, do your duty."

In the hansom with the policeman the culprit was taken to the police-station, the pawnbrokers following in the taxi.

Next morning the young man who had obtained the money was placed in the dock. The police evidence was given reluctantly, and was to the effect that the prisoner was searched when brought to the station, and no gold was found upon him and no pawn-ticket. The magistrate had no alternative but to dismiss the case.

However, the pawnbrokers, though puzzled, had complied with the law and saved their loss.

"Sharp work, collaring him," said the old father, appreciatively.

"Yes, dad; but I've been thinking we were not sharp enough. What happened in the hansom? Possibly something like this: 'Look here, policeman, I don't want to be lagged for this. Here's thirty golden sovereigns for you. Settle how you like.'"

And probably that was the correct solution too.

**S**TAND by those whom you help till you see them through. Else it were almost better you never touched them. Of fitful and inadequate relief a witty Frenchman has said, that it creates one-half of the misery it relieves, but cannot relieve one-half of the misery it creates.

G. A. Smith.

# His Unmitigated Lie

By HUGH KENNEDY

From the Red Book

IF anywhere in "the forest primeval" there still linger the demons of ancient myth, the unhappy sprite bound up in cordwood fuel must have found along the line of the Lake Minnetonka Spruce a congenial home. Cordwood was the alpha and omega, likewise the Iota and kappa, of the spruce. At a main-line camp five winters old it had its birth; at another, whose first season's cut was still green in the pile, it prematurely died.

Half-way down the spur was Five Mile Siding, where might have been the shrine of the demon. An oval of white, jagged in a vast somber of level jackpine and tamarack and spruce, the little clearing was piled high, as with a votive offering, with cordwood; and risingly, with blows almost musical in the frosty air, a big, dark bearded teamster, like an officiating flagman, was ministering to the growth of the pile.

Toddling in the trampled area surrounding the wood-sleigh, was a child. A tiny figure, moccasin-ed, furred, and mottled against the February cold, she played as if in covert rebellion against the spirit of the place. Only half-heartedly she added to her little pile of twigs and sticks.

She looked up presently.

"Daddy," she importuned, "tell me: why can't I have one?"

Scarcely pausing in his work, the father looked down on her indulgently.

"A kumby's not an easy thing to catch, lassie," he soothed.

She was not to be put off. The play appetite, too scantily fed in the wilderness, looked hungrily from the upturned eyes.

"Elsie could go to Bunney's house, Daddy, an' coax him. He'd come an' eat out of my hand like my little squirlie used to. Wouldn't he, Daddy?"

The teamster leaned on the stick he had been in the act of lifting.

"No, no, lassie."

The tone of his denial was warmed with compassion for his mateless little one. "Elsie mustna' try to find Bunney. She might find old Gray Wolf instead."

A sound broke in on their talk. In slowly dwindling echoes it pulsed toward the farthest confines of the bush. It was the stop signal of an oncoming locomotive. Once a week, picking up the loaded cars and leaving empty ones, it shrieked and rumbled down the spur, the only reminder for the isolated bushmen of the forsworn, far-distant hubbub of city life.

The father seized on the welcome diversion.

"Hear that, lass? You'll see the big toot-toot in another minute, and the house that goes on wheels. Keep back from the track. There's a good lass."

The little face, wrinkling in disappointment, cleared at the promise of a new diversion.

The engine clacked over the switch-frog. Hissing, panting, half buried in a cloud of its own vapor, it brought its train of cars to a standstill.

A brakeman descended and waved a shunting signal to the engineer.

"Only three flats for you this trip," he growled.

The teamster made no reply. His attention was divided between his rearing horses and the figure of a man descending the steps of the caboose. Big, fur-coated, jaunty, self-satisfied, the stranger approached.

"I say, old thaser," he boomed, a hint of patronage in his resonant and easy bass, "you don't happen—"

At a nearer glimpse of the bushman's face, he checked himself.

"Duge McCaig!" he roared. "Well, I'll be—"

In his amazement, and his haste to grasp the teamster's hand, he neglected further to define his ultimate condition.

Duge's surprise, if less demonstrative, was equally sincere.

"Dave Leashman!" he marvelled, and sprang forward to grasp the extended hand. "Why, man alive, it's twenty years since I saw you last back East!"

The engine, after a parting shove that sent the three flat cars grinding along the side-track, clanked down the line to take water at the tank a half-mile distant. There was time for reminiscence.

Duge was in the bush as a camp teamster; his wife, Elspeth, as the camp cook. A bad season on their prairie homestead had driven them to making up thus the losses of the summer by the labors of the winter. They were no longer young, but were content and full of hope. Chiefly they felt the lack of church and school advantages for their child.

"The little one, hey? Well, well, well! There was no little one in the old days back East, eh, Duge? Time flies, time flies. Is the wee girl coming over to shake hands with Daddy's old friend, and give him a hug and a kiss?"

The little Elsie, sheltering behind her father, received the big stranger's somewhat disconcerting advances, with the grave, shy scrutiny that precedes the giving of childish hearts.

Leashman's account of himself was more dramatic than the bushman's. For ten years he had been on the staff of the provincial police. He was at present giving chase to Jo Trapper.

"What! Not the notorious Trapper?"

"The notorious Trapper, hold-up artist and outlaw, and no other."

"But wasn't he—I can't be mistaken—wasn't he safe in Sandy Hill penitentiary?"

"He was. I put the steel on him myself last May. That was after his big job you recollect, when he held up the Transcontinental Express. He got a life sentence, but he has managed to levitate. There's no end to his cunning and his nerve. A man answering his description was reported yesterday from Caspar, ten miles west on the main line. A brakeman put him off an eastbound freight. We figure that he's working towards Minnetak. His Cree wife lives there, and it's dollars to dandelions he's got a snug sum somewheres on deposit round there. He got ten thousand from the express company on that last job. Anyhow, on chances, I'm on my way to the lake."

The engine, a growing blot against the white of the right-of-way, signaled her return from the water-tank.

"It's this way," the constable hastened to conclude. "There's a thousand dollars on Trapper's head. The man that gives information'll find it worth while." He laid a far gauntleted hand on the other's shoulder. "You're with me in this?"

With a crash and a rattle the engine coupled to her train.

The Scot was silent. It was not the silence of hesitation, but the deliberation with which he entered on every course where principle was involved.

"With you? Yes, reward or no reward. It's the plain duty of every true man."

"That's right, that's right. Glad you've promised. I'm not a religious man, like yourself, but I know when I'm dealing with one. The word of a McCaig, in the old days, was good as another man's bond."

"It's never been broken yet, thank God."

"Already the train was in motion. "Good-by, little girl," called the officer.

From the caboose steps he waved a final parting.

"See you to-morrow," he megaphoned through vaulted palms. "I'll be down on the hand-car with the trackmen."

The rumbling of the dwindling train died away to a singing that persisted long in the frosty rails.

Duge busied himself again with his load; but his thoughts were of the hunted outlaw and his crimes. Exploit after exploit—all bold, original, successful, baffling—had thrown a glamor over the man's name that even Duge, hater of all iniquity, could not but acknowledge.

The sleigh empty at last, he donned his mackinaw and took the child up beside him. Musing, he re-entered the bush. Surely the outlaw must soon be captured. The snow would hold his trail for days. He dare not sleep in the bitter cold of the open. No more dare he trust himself behind habited walls. The bush abounded with game; but the man must be without weapons—was himself a hunted thing. He must soon be starved into pulling some latch-string that would stiffen behind him to a bar of iron.

The sleigh runners parred over the bush road. The little Elsie, awed by her father's moody abstraction, was silent for a time. Suddenly, however, her little blue-mittened hands were clasped in ecstasy.

"O-o Daddy!" she shrielled delightfully. "The pretty bunny! Look! Daddy."

"Yes, yes, child"—the irritation of his broken reverie gave earnestness to the father's reply—"there's no end of rabbits hereabouts. G'ang!" he urged his lagging team.

Then, softening before the trembling lip:

"There's the bunny's path. See, lassie."

He pointed with his whipstock to the deep tracked rabbit-run.

"The path to Bunny's house, Daddy?"

"Yes, child," he answered, absently. He drew aside to let Tim Kerrigan go by with his steaming horses and creaking high-piled load.

The heretic Tim was on foot behind his sleigh.

"Hello, Squirrel Girlie," he shouted; "bin om to see the Cordwood Limited?"

His merry greeting drew from the child the answering smile of established friendship.

"Daddy," she coaxed, "c'n I go back with Tim?"

The impulsive Tim did not wait for the father's assent. He took the little trembled figure in his arms.

"Sure, ye can that, girlie mine. It's me that's needin' the foine company like yourself."

"Go right in to your mother," Duge threw after the child, warningly, "as soon as you get back to camp."

His last load for the day had been hauled. Behind his released team, he was trudging past the camp toward the stables when his wife's voice hailed him. It was a plainly indignant voice.

"Dugald McCaig," it upbraided him with the courage of righteous indignation, "whatever do you mean by keeping the child out to this hour? Do you want her to catch her death o' cold?"

Her husband had reached the band of light that streamed past the woman's figure framed in the doorway. She saw he was alone. The hard accents of vexation gave way to the thick, convulsive utterance of panic fear.

"Where is she?"

"The child?" The absorbed Duge took a moment on it. "The child? She must be with Tim," he commenced assuringly. Then a sickening doubt clutched him. "Aint she?" he burst out helplessly.

"Aint she, aint she?" mocked the mother, in a passion of reproach.

"Hear the man?" Her voice thinned to a wail: My child! My little lamb! The wail mounted to a shriek: "Lost! Frozen! Devoured!" Her figure straightened; her eyes blazed. With steeled voice she flung the words like a club at her husband's face: "Tim's been in camp this hour. She left him to go back to you."

"A grating sob rose in the man's throat. Horror, self-denunciation, agonized prayer, the heart-wrung pang of fatherhood bereaved—all found a strangled utterance in that wordless nature-cry.

He heard no more of the woman's renewed moaning. He saw nothing of the roused bushmen tumbling from the shanty like disturbed bees from a hive. Only the lantern in the hand of a man rushing up from the stable caught his eye. Scarcely conscious of his action, he snatched the light. Without a word he bounded up the trail toward the siding.

His mosscoated feet padded steadily up the track. His lungs burned with the stinging impact of the frosty air.

He had no plan. His brain was too numb for thought. A blind impulse hurried his feet to the place where he had last seen the child.

Haste, haste, haste! That was the thing—the only thing. It might not yet be too late. The little one was closely wrapped; she might still be safe. The icicles weighing his beard, his breath congealing on his lips, the sharp report from some bursting tree top—all mocked his faint hope with their cruel evidence of the frost field's power. His wife's frantic wail still rang in his ears. Blighting the truth of it came home to him. First fatigue, then the frost, then the prowling lynx or fox. He sickened as he ran.

"Oh, my bairnie!" he moaned. "Why did you leave me! Why did you go to Tim? My heart was forbidding you to go. Why, why?"

His thudding feet repeated it: "Why—why—why—why?"

In all the solemn, voiceless woods was no answer to his agony.

A snatch of her childish prattle came vividly to his mind: "Elsie would go to Danny's house, Daddy!"

He himself had sent her to her death! She had gone down one of the thousand rabbit-runs—down, possibly, the one he had so absently pointed out to her. She had gone looking for a pet, for something to fill the gap her father's cold aloofness had itself created.

His lungs were stinging, prickled by a thousand merciless needles. The taste of blood was in his throat. Yet even faster he urged his numbing limbs. The rabbit-run, the rabbit-run—once there he would be on her trail, a second gained might avert death, or—

It was here—here near the outstanding hemlock. He recognized the path among the net-work of similar tracks. He peered at the snow, stooping keenly over his lantern. Yes, it was here, the mark of the tiny mosscoated. With mute pathos, it pointed toward the lowering gloom of the thicker bush. Here she had turned aside to clear a snowbound branch. There on the snow she had fallen, showing the mark of her little length. The print of the childish hands seemed pitiously outstretched for help.

Into the thickness of the wood the father plunged. His eye missed not a sign on the tell-tale snow; but the quick of his consciousness was all for the barren anguish of his heart.

He came upon a place where the wavering steps had halted. The original rabbit-track had long been lost. Back on themselves the steps had doubled, then zigzagged, then aimlessly struck off. The marks of the downfalls became more frequent; the little legs were wearying of their hopeless task. Here she had sat; again she had made off in a new direction. The yellow lantern-light ahead was broken by a spot of blue. The man dashed for it, as for a sign. It was a little wooden seat, now stiff and icy with its owner's frozen tears. Blinded, the father stumbled on.

The resting places grew more frequent. The maze of doubling tracks

unwound perplexingly. The end was close.

At the next halting place the snow was strangely trampled. With low-held lantern the searcher peered. The child had circled—fallen. Was that—? Yes, a man's footprint! From the puzzling bed of trampled marks it struck off in clean, unwavering strides—alone. The child was saved! Some leashman had heard her cries and had carried her home. Even now, no doubt, she lay in her mother's arms.

A dozen paces down the trail Duge halted. A subtle sense was stirred within him, a sense of some alien presence. Whose was this track? What bushman wore boots—he peered again—yes, worn boots, too, instead of moccasins or shoe-packs? Why had the man taken a direction opposite to that of the child's well known home? The tracks must turn; the man had not yet got his bearings.

But they did not turn. They kept on, on into the thickest of the bush, where never an axe had yet been laid to tree. Farther on they were crossed by other tracks, similar but not so recent. Mysterious. On a rubbin-run, its neck encircled by a tight-drawn snare, a hare lay frozen stiff.

In one blighting flash Duge knew: Jo Trapper! Here the bandits had lurked through the day. To trap hares was his method of supporting life. All the revived hopes of the father died in him. The hunter man knew no degrees in crime; he who held gold at a higher price than human life was capable of any crime.

A sudden blood-lust swept every soft emotion from the heart of Duge McCaig. The striking muscles behind his great shoulders clenched convulsively. He wanted no weapon; his iron hands were enough. The built-up restraints of centuries of precept fell from him. In every tingling vein there welled the blood of fierce ancient clans that had never known sleep while yet there remained unarrested on the loathed Sassemach raider a single ravished hearth.

Close to the ground, like a bloodhound hot on the scent, Duge rushed down the outlaw's trail. It threaded, for a time, the thickest growth; towards a long deserted Trapper's cabin, just it, undeviating. Down, finally, it dropped towards the swamped-led stream that still ran free in defiance of the winter's frost. Along this stream, with all a practised woodman's craft, the fugitive had passed.

In this direction Duge knew he must soon reach the railroad, at the point where it treaded across the stream. There, it flashed on him, would come the end of his pursuit. He hid his lantern beneath his coat; he needed it no more on the trail and his quarry must have no warning of his approach. He recalled the water-tank by the end of the trestle, beneath which was a fire fed daily by the trackmen from Minnitiaki. There, he decided, skulked his quarry.

He found himself at last, his teeth set like the jaws of a spring trap, on the oil stained, steel bordered snow strip of the railway. A gem-studded river of white between dark walls of spruce, the right-of-way streamed off toward Minnitiaki. The never stilled sighing of the woods was frozen to its faintest whisper. Only, above the tree tops, the idle wheel of the pump windmill caught a vagrant breeze and swayed with a ghostly creaking. Blurred, obscure, like a shadowy tower projected from a castle's gloomy mass, the watertank took rounded form against the dark bulk of the woods. The pendant ice of its high-hung spout caught a gleam of light from a streamer in the northern sky. All else was dark, save where the two-paneled window near the ground gave out a flickering glow from the light of the fire within.

Stealthily Duge opened the unlocked door. The light from the glowing coals of a stove met him squarely in the eyes and threw all the rest of the place into dense shadows. Crouching, ready for the spring, his right hand clutching the air as if it already felt the victim's throat, he un-

covered his lantern. His eyes glared down its rays. His body went rigid. He stared long, uninking.

On a discarded end-door, the only bed the place afforded, relaxed in sleep, a great figure huddled. The shoulders were confless. The ropy throat was bare.

But Duge McCaig did not spring. His knees loosened; he sank to the ground. The lantern slipped from his fingers. His head fell into his circled arms. Prone on the floor, he melted into helpless slobs.

It was not the figure of the outlaw that arrested the spring. Snuggled in the coat of the gaunt frame so evidently needed for itself, her head pillowed in the crook of an outflung arm, one, little bare hand lost in a great sleazy cocoon, her face, tear-grimmed, but ruddily peaceful, showing above the coat's lapel, little Elsie slept.

"Who's there?" demanded a voice, alarmed, threatening. More controlled, it came again. "What's the row, stranger?"

Duge braced himself. His life-long habit of stifling emotional display helped him now to a measure of steadiness.

"The little one," he faltered; "you've saved her."

"Oh, the kid?"

The man was visibly more at ease. "She yours, partner? I heard her hollerin'. Lucky I did—got to her just in time. Don't wake the little beggar; she must be clean tuckered. She sure had a hard time of it. Scared? Lord, I don't blame her! I've got a way, though, with kids an' she come round. She's a game sport, all right. How'd she get lost, old-timer?"

Unheeding the question, Duge, gazed at the chubby face and stretch of his hand to the other.

"Shake 'em" divined the outlaw. "Sure thing."

He winced at the mighty grip that closed upon his hand.

"I wasn't headin' exactly this direction, partner, but I couldn't see the kid snuff out. She had to be got to a

fire—an' here we are. Look up her folks, thinks I, come mornin'." With less assurance, rather lamely, he reiterated: "An' here we are."

His thought had a sudden disquieting turn:

"How'd ye find me?"

"Tracked you."

Duge had himself in hand again. "Say, friend," he added, "you must be hungry, and needing a rest. Come home with me. I've only a shanty, but what I've got is yours."

The stranger grinned. "I'm all right, partner; don't you worry about me. Say," he announced, with sudden decision, "I better be hikin'. The kid don't need me no more, an' I'm a day behind schedule now. My old woman'll be scoldin' out search-parties fer me if I don't get a move on."

He waved aside Duge's staying hand and turned to the sleeping child. "Sorry, little woman," he apologized, with awkward tenderness, as the child's fretful murmur protested against disturbance, "but the old man'll have to have the coat fer himself now. She'll go to her Daddy, eh?"

The child did not awaken. Duge cuddled her beneath his coat. He strained her to his breast with all the wordless passion of his slow-moving, deep-channelled nature. In that single moment of fatherhood supremely asserted, the hard crust of over-sterm precept was melted from his soul like cavern ice laid open at last to the sun's mellowing ray.

His arms half way in the sleeves of his coat, the outlaw suddenly stiffened.

"Hiss!" he warned. "What's that?"

He shot his arms home into their sleeves and dropped with a listening ear to the ground.

A purring sound took gentle possession of the resonant wooden walls and murmured in the pipes that fed the tank overhead.

"Train comin'!" the stranger marvelled. He sprang to his feet. "Now; train—nit! There ain't an engine on the spur. It's a handcar. Leashman!" he scoffed. "Leashman on a handcar!

"The idiot, to think he could get me with a game like that. He might as well be blowin' a trumpet. He's a mile away right now."

He turned fiercely to Duge. "Here, you!" he barked. "I got to make my get-away. Sayve? You know me—I can see it in your eye. There's money in it for you, if you've a mind. What're ye goin' to do—throw me done? Gimme a start. Gimme five minutes. Then ye can—" With one hand Duge pushed him toward the door. "Be off, man," he urged. "Be at my shanty in an hour—the one next to the camp yonder," he waved his free hand. "The latch'll be always on the string for you. I'll hide you somewhere. Go, now, go!"

The sound of the wheels on the frosty rails had ceased.

"Humph!" commented the fugitive, coolly. "Stalkin' up on foot, eh? No, partner, don't you go lookin' fer no unhealthy trouble. So long as the room wire holds out an' the rabbits is remainin' good, I'll play a lone hand ill I keep a date with my old woman. Be good to yourself—an' the kid—God bless her!"

He was off, balancing deftly on ice rail, to leave no tell-tale marks on be snow. An instant he topped the grade, then his body was swallowed in the darkness of the woods beyond.

Duge McCaig clasped his treasure

tightly and turned to recover his lantern from the tank chamber.

"Hands up!" boomed a voice from the shadow opposite. A fur-coated figure drew out from the trees. Three other shadowy forms stole up the track. Ahead of each was the glimmer of leveled steel. All four closed in.

"Don't shoot. It's me, Duge McCaig. You know me, Dave. Don't shoot."

The wondering four came close.

"Well—I'll-be—!"

The big officer was a huge interrogation point.

"What brings you here at this time of night?"

"The child," replied Duge quietly. "She got lost in the bush. I tracked her. The fire here saved her."

"Lucky, my boy, to get her in time. The baby I'm looking for ain't so easy to track. Thought we might surprise him warming up in the tank here. Ain't seen anything of him, have you, Duge?"

"Not a sign."

Faintly there came from the distant woods the sharp cracking of a bough.

"What's that?" demanded Leashman, sharply.

"Frost," said Duge, laconically. He drew his coat about the child with stolid solicitude. "It's a keen night, a keen night."

**G**ET THE SUCCESS HABIT EARLY. — Every way becomes easier with traveling in it; and the last stages are pleasantly run by him who accomplishes well the first. When near success we are encouraged by its sight, and little effort is required of one about to reach the goal. A man never feels tired when on the point of succeeding.—*Austin Bierbauer.*

## Summer "Boreding": A Lament

By GRACE GRAHAM

From Putnam's Monthly

"WHEN sparrows build and the leaves break forth, my old sorrow wakes and cries," and I know that I have once more to go out into this weary, beautiful, expensive world, and find a place wherein to spend the months that nature and New York have made intolerable in town.

I have not yet decided whether the acquisition of an ill-kept room in a modern-convenienceless house, with unfamiliar food, and the unattractive society of a lot of unfamiliar and undesired people, is an adequate exchange for a comfortable New York flat, an Irish servant to wrestle with, and one's own chops and steaks and gas bill to attend to. To be sure, one has the fresh air and green fields of the country, instead of hot pavements and trolley cars; but there are also mosquitoes, poison-ivy and boarders to reckon with; and when it's hot in New York one can take a bath, and when it's hot in the inexpensive country one can't, for there the old caken bucket is all the plumbing, and the well usually runs lowest just when the mercury climbs highest.

If you are a person of liberal means there are gorgeous hotels gaping to receive you; and when one knows the remuneration accepted at these luxurious establishments, wonder ceases that foreigners think all Americans rich. But, alas! there are so many of us unknown to history and to foreigners who have to live on modest incomes, the unclassified fifth not rich

enough for the haughty foreigner's notice, nor poor enough for the charitable native's—suspended between the gilt-edged hotel and the fresh-air fund; the kind that is told to lead the simple life that is impossible without a suitable income, and whom Mr. Roosevelt advises to increase and multiply, forgetting that the matrimonial multiplication-table is not a monetary system; for while in human beings one and one makes anything from three to thirteen or more, plain figures will not "prove" if submitted to the same test. This class of people has to live somehow, and its children need fresh air even as the little Fifth and First Avenues; and for them the ubiquitous boarding-house pervades the land.

Having been convinced against my will I am of the same opinion still, and pluckily set out every spring to hunt for a "cottage of my own" within reach of New York and my income, only to find that all the cottages near New York are financially impossible and that the lovely "homes in the heart of the country," abandoned farms, etc., are so hopelessly in the heart of the country that they make up in carriage hire what they lack in rent and convenience. So, abandoning hope as well as the farms, I return again to the inevitable boarding-house, which stands ready to receive all and sundry into its gregarious bosom, bedrooms swept and dusted "for the season," rocking-chairs in a row on the piazza, and proprietress with the customary

request for a prompt decision, so many are the victims eagerly waiting to be emmeshed.

When I have finally engaged board for the summer, I always look at every one I pass in the street with renewed interest. How can I tell which of the women may be embracing her husband and spanking her child in my company for weeks? or which of the men I may meet when in dressing-gown and slippers, soap and sponges clasped to our bosoms and hair and eyes still full of sleep, we scramble for the bathroom—if there is one? The brotherhood of man is about to begin for me, and I only wish I could select my own family, and that it were not so large. Even the ties of blood do not always compensate for relationship, and without those ties it is apt to be wearisome. The two matrimonial bears should be let loose in every boarding-house, which their constant company would often keep from becoming a "boreding"-house indeed.

Believing that there is safety in numbers, I engaged rooms one summer in a house where a large party was always accommodated. Convinced that familiarity breeds contempt when it is accidental and not chosen familiarity, I determined to be pleasant and polite to my fellow-prisoners while intimate with none, thus making it possible to spend my time in my own way, and only be a communal slave at meal-time. After a few successful days I thought myself safe, and was on the piazza one day, almost alone, a useful and excuseful book on my lap, feeling delightfully lazy, and busy with the house opposite. I had rebuilt the porch, thrown two dormer windows in the roof, and was busy painting it just the right shade of yellow with white trim and dark green shutters. A handsome colonial house now stood in the place of an ugly reddish-brown one, and all it needed was a honeysuckle climbing over the porch when—a high-pitched voice threw all my work to the winds. "Well, I just must speak to her. Poor little woman, she looks too

lonely for anything; she don't seem to know any one, and can't be having a good time." And thereupon a kind woman, the sort that loves to have a good time every minute of the day, and wants every one else to have it with her, sailed up to me—and spoiled my plans for the summer! I could not be angry with her misplaced friendliness; for how can such a person be expected to understand that solitude is a cherished possession, that a good book is oftentimes companionship enough, and that boarding-house banalities are not conversation? She shines according to her lights, and the only pity is that the illuminations are not better assorted.

The ice once broken, I found myself committed to a pretty warm summer. That same afternoon while writing in the deserted parlor I overheard a now familiar voice saying: "I spoke to Mrs.—to-day. I was determined to." "Did you find her pleasant? what age do you suppose she is?" The dear old lady's room is downstairs and the answer came clear and sharp: "I should take her for a fairly young woman. She hasn't much to say for herself." "Do you suppose her hair's all her own?" "Well, I can't say; I guess not, there's so much of it; but her complexion's quite good."

I fled before I learned that that was not mine either; I was going to spend several weeks more with those women, and didn't want to hear their idea of the truth.

By this time I had become common property and was obliged to manoeuvre to get a moment to myself outside of my bedroom. I learned exactly at what hours to avoid running the gauntlet of the piazza, and when to sneak out by the dining-room. Sherlock Holmes might have engaged me for his wariness, or Prince Florizel of Bohemia for my adroitness. I had suddenly become the possessor of so many close friends that I ran the risk of being plunged into a social vortex that would have swallowed up every precious moment. Making a dark mystery of my flittings, I at last found

## SUMMER "BOREDING": A LAMENT

a secluded spot which I shared with the mosquitoes for the rest of the summer. To be sure, I was well bitten, but they only bit me externally, and a vigorous slap would dislodge them dead or wounded. One must not slap one's fellow-boarders; and the Sixth Commandment is still legally observed in the Eastern States.

Three times a day for seven days a week did we bore each other over the festive board, and never before had I such opportunities for intimacy. Even my husband lunches out six days a week, and my dearest friend doesn't come to dinner every day. One evening I was trying to read "The Wings of a Dove"—a foolish thing to do in a boarding-house, for every one knows it needs time, solitude and much concentration to read one of Mr. James's later novels. I was getting along beautifully, and was even beginning to understand it, when "a gentle voice was heard to say,"

"Is that a Scotch view?"

Our eyes met on a chromo of a blue lake, backed by purple mountains, a foreground of yellow sand, crimson trees and a peasant reflected in its imitation oil-paint waters. "Yes," said I, diving from Scotland back to Bayswater where the Dove still hovered on waiting wings. "My grandmother was a Scotchwoman," pursued the gentle voice (I was getting a little fidgety, but tried to look as if I cared). "She was very proud of being a Scotchwoman; she was a Campbell" (I might have known they were coming), "and was very proud of it" (there are thousands more of them). "An ancestor of hers fought at Culloden" (they all did—and O for the Wings of a Dove). "My grandmother always said she was so strong because she was a Scotchwoman; she said they led such healthy lives and eat such wholesome food when she was a child" (antiseptic, of course). "We have a picture of my grandmother holding a cat; the cat was called 'Scratch.' I think 'Scratch' is such a nice name for a cat, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, feeling catty and scratchy and none of the Dove left in

me,—a stranger's cat, Campbells and grandmother being scant compensation for the breaking up of Henry James's long, beautifully wonderful, parenthetically complicated sentences.

After one summer of this sort of "boreding," I determined to try another kind; so when next the sparrow-bills built, I chose a farm-house where my family were the only boarders. It was owned by a refined woman who knew little of farming and less of housekeeping. She "did her own work" and had a semi-relative to assist her. The semi-relative wasn't as nice as she was, but had to take her meals with us, and took them while we waited to be waited on. Abstract democracy is a beautiful thing; practical democracy brings discomfort. No sensible person despises a girl for trying to earn her living by waiting on table, but it is a little wearing to have to pay the board bill and do one's waiting also. This farm, in the absence of other "boreders," was quite homelike—so homelike, in fact, that the daughter of the house didn't scruple to do just as she would have done when alone. She had no musical talent, but she practised five hours daily. I made no complaint and left in the odor of sanctity, trailing a good reputation behind me; and my worthy hostess would have been much surprised had I offered to pay her for the lesson in patience and forbearance that was not in the bill, and that she was all unconscious of having supplied.

Another farm I found, where the people were all kindness, and only wanted one family at a time, they said; where mosquitoes are unknown, but poison-ivy does their work. With experienced eye I noted the old-fashioned piano in the wide hall and was pleased to find that no one played it. After a few weeks' bliss, I saw one day, a bedroom being prepared for occupation. My heart sank; and fell right down when I heard that two new boarders were to arrive next day. Two ladies came, "boarders—or boreders?" I mused, looking them over and through and through. In the

morning after breakfast my chair—mine by right of three weeks' occupation—had been dragged to the other end of the piazza and was now a fancy-work emporium; while shortly after a noise as of a thousand tin kettles and cats burst on my ear. The old piano, that venerable bedroom (I forgot to say that the house was 140 years old), had been awakened, and in company with the voice of the young lady who had no voice, was shrieking out coo-coos, rag-time and all the current horrors. Saturday night brought "Popper" and a "Young Feller," evidently the affianced "feller" of the disturber of the peace. The camel had got his head in the tent! Sunday morning they appropriated most of the piazza. "Popper's" cigar and "Moummer's" perfume pervaded the air, the Young Feller reclined in the hammock, and the Disturber fed him with candy while balancing herself on the edge. Perhaps I am a disagreeable, crusty, unsociable creature, but I did not join the family party, though I had known some of them for three whole days.

I wonder if the boarding-house is not responsible for much of the nervousness among women. It is sometimes said to be a rest from the cares of housekeeping, but to some natures the ordering of the daily chow and steaks, and the wrestling with a foreign domestic is child's play compared with the strain of feeding in company with a lot of strangers three times a day, listening to the clatter of dishes, and being expected to take part in the clatter of tongues while some other woman's child nours soup or oatmeal into one's lap, and the greedy and ubiquitous fly seizes the very food before it can reach one's lips. Nothing but the duty of taking one's children to the country makes it endurable; and the children, like the little savages that most of them are at heart, revel in the freedom they gain from parents' anxiety to avoid a family "row" in public. There is chicken for dinner, and Willie Jones remarks, "Jane killed that chicken,

and when she cut its head off it hopped round ever so long."

Various degrees of disapproval and disgust steal over the boarders' faces, and Willie's mother adroitly tries to change the conversation, but is defeated by Miss Brown's shrill voice:

"Yes, the horrid old hen, the never would lay an egg when she was alive, and when they cut her open there was one inside of her."

Miss's mother tries to smother her with the table napkin, while Nellie takes advantage of the confusion to smuggle several cookies into her pocket, and little Johnnie takes three times as much sugar as he is allowed to have at home.

And the greeting of the husband and father at the end of the week becomes almost a vulgar exhibition when the family embraces are being duplicated and triplicated all over the front yard, until the boarding-house resembles a free-love community with the immorality left out.

After a few weeks of this unsought intimacy one begins to sympathize with the Englishman who let another man go about with his coat-tails on fire because it was none of his business to interfere. Though we would die rather than admit it in England, they do things better over there. Who that has lived in lodgings in England will deny their superiority to the boarding-house? The rooms are rented "with cooking and attendance." The lodger buys her own food and the landlady cooks and serves it, in her private apartments; the bedrooms are kept in order by the landlady, and if there is no bathroom, baths are supplied in the bedrooms; and boots are cleaned. In America, on the contrary, ladies who are not rich have to clean their own boots, and the question of baths is politely but firmly ignored. Unless one gets into a house where "hot and cold" is "laid on," and bathing is no trouble, one is not expected to bathe in America, and hot water is regarded as a luxury. In England, luxurious bathrooms being fewer, one is expected to take a bath no

matter how troublesome; and poor indeed must be the house where hot water is not brought to one's room twice daily. There is something, after all, in taking civilization slowly; it assimilates better. There are fewer glittering conveniences but infinitely more solid comfort, to which the English love of method, neatness and order contributes greatly. Even in lodgings one is waited on by a neat white-capped and aproned maid, while the foreign-born American domestic, who is not above taking the liberal sum offered for her service, shows her scorn of service in her slovenly garb and general incompetence.

Of course, I do not mean to imply that all lodgings are good and comfortable, and all boarding-houses bad and uncomfortable; there are good and bad of both, but personally I prefer to enjoy my comforts and discomfords in private. Misery doesn't al-

ways love company, and the world's "Ha, ha," every time one laughs, becomes a mere monotonous echo, when it isn't one's own world.

That boarding-houses might be a great deal worse, I know; also, that thousands of people would be glad of a chance to spend the summer even in the worst of them. But I have never been able to extract any personal comfort from the contemplation of the misfortunes of others; and so I hope that some day, when we are older and wiser, we shall see the unwisdom of sharing our family lives with so many others for months at a time, and that those of us who are guilty of the crime of genteel poverty will be able to expiate our offence in a less public and unrefined manner, and that we may be able to lodge instead of being bored throughout the summer.

**THE** dignity of work.—There is no discredit, but hence, in every right walk of industry, whether it be in tilling the ground, making tools, weaving fabrics, or selling the products behind a counter. An American president, when asked what was his coat of arms, remembering that he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, replied: "A pair of shirt sleeves." A French doctor once taunted Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Flechier replied: "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles."

*Samuel Smiles*

# The Protector of Kings

By ANON

From Lady's Realm

IN AN inconspicuous corner of the Parisian papers the following notice appeared a few days ago:

M. Xavier Paoli, the "Protector of Kings," is about to retire from public life, and, with a clean conscience, enjoy the blessings of a well-deserved rest.

Unimportant as this intelligence may appear to the ordinary man, it will nevertheless be read with feelings of sincere regret by crowned heads and chiefs of state throughout the world, and will cause something of a flutter of apprehension within their innermost souls. "Paoli is gone," they will say; "who will henceforth protect us when we go to France? Who will be the first to greet us, the last to bid us farewell? Who will attend us as we walk abroad and watch over us when we sleep? In whom can we put our trust as we did in Paoli?"

For upwards of thirty years no sovereign has set foot on the hospitable shores of France without being commended to M. Paoli's especial care. On their arrival they never failed to find the dapper little "commissaire special," courteous and self-possessed, but keen and alert withal, waiting to receive them. "My dear Monsieur Paoli," said the King of the Belgians to him one day, "you are the protector of sovereigns." And King Leopold's happy phrase hit the mark on the head. M. Paoli has ever since been known as *le protecteur des souverains*.

The list of crowned heads confided to the care of this indefatigable little

man is indeed an imposing one. He reckons among his *protégés*, past and present, all the rulers of Europe and their royal guests.

I do not suppose that there is a single frontier station in France which M. Paoli does not know thoroughly, or where a royal or imperial train has not pulled up merely to take on or set down the amiable little special commissary. And his functions are by no means a sinecure. They demand boundless tact and incessant vigilance, but vigilance which, while it is severe, must be discreet, and not impertinent or hamper the august object of it. Many times has M. Paoli had to travel from end to end of France without respite, his eye and ear incessantly on the alert. In one and the same week he has had to accompany the King of Greece from Aix-les-Bains to Calais, then rush off to meet King Alfonso on the Spanish frontier, and escort him to the German frontier whence he has had to speed away to Jerusalem, to the Belgian frontier, and take King Leopold the whole length of France to Cap Ferrat, in the Alps Maritimes!

In all those years never did so much as a single untoward incident mar the happy relations of the protector and his *protégés*. Well might King Edward—then Prince of Wales—exclaim, when the youth Spido attempted to kill him at the Gare du Nord at Brussels: "If Paoli had been here, that youngster would have been arrested before he could even have fired a single shot!"

Not every sovereign, however, seems to have reposed such vast confidence in Paoli's comissent watchfulness; at any rate, not at the outset. Take, for instance, the amusing meeting between his Siamese Majesty, Chulalongkorn, and Paoli. In 1896 the Asiatic monarch had paid official visits to Russia, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, and was on his way to be the guest of the Republic. At the Franco-Belgian frontier the royal train stopped to take up M. Paoli, who was presented to his Majesty by the Siamese Minister at Paris.

Chulalongkorn surveyed the little man in a frock coat and tall hat with undisguised amazement. "Is it you, Monsieur, who are to guard my person?" "I shall have that honor, Sire." "But where are your arms?" The Siamese Minister intervened at this awkward juncture, and endeavored to explain to his Majesty that M. Paoli did not go about armed to the teeth, but that his august person was none the less in safe keeping. A week later, when Chulalongkorn was bidding M. Paoli farewell, he presented him with the Cross of the Crown, a magnificent souvenir, and his hearty congratulations!

M. Paoli, whose memoirs will appear shortly, is a walking library of souvenirs and reminiscences. There is probably no man who knows more about the personal characteristics and habits of crowned heads than he.

Queen Victoria was especially fond of the amiable and courteous special commissary, and when she created the Victorian Order the first patent was made out in M. Paoli's name, and the Queen sent it to him personally, with a gracious autograph letter, instead of forwarding it through the usual diplomatic channels. M. Paoli has also a splendid loving cup and numerous other souvenirs from her Majesty. I fancy that it is Queen Victoria's memory that is most precious treasured up in his heart. I noticed in his dining-room a whole series of water-colors commemorating incidents of the Queen's visits to the Riviera. One shows her Majesty giving cloth-

ing to a poor woman she met on one of her daily drives; another, a French regiment standing at salute while she drives by with a bow; yet another, a beggar in a little cart drawn by four dogs in full career, keeping ahead of the royal carriage, much to Queen Victoria's amusement.

It was at Nice, in 1885, when the King of Wurtemberg was making a somewhat prolonged stay on the Riviera, that M. Paoli came to be the devoted guardian of Queen Victoria. M. Paoli was attached to the King's person as "commissaire special," and in this capacity he showed such devotion, such vigilance and withal such tact that the Queen of England specially requested the French Government to allow him to perform a similar mission about her person. Other august personages were equally anxious for the same privilege, and thus it came about that, in 1889, the indefatigable little man was guarding three of them at one and the same time: Queen Victoria at Cannes; the Hereditary Grand Duke Nicholas at Cap d'Ail, and the King of Sweden at Cannes. He was quite equal to the emergency, which would have caused, in most men, a nervous breakdown.

Paoli comes of old Corsican stock. His great-grandfather was an historical personage and figures in English history, which fact doubtless accounts in some measure for his descendant's attachment to Queen Victoria and King Edward.

The anecdotes which M. Paoli has gathered in the course of his long career are, of course, legion. Here is one of the ex-Empress Eugénie. A few years ago at Cap Martin the ex-Empress, who has always held M. Paoli in special favor, invited him to dinner. At table he found himself seated at his Imperial hostess's left hand, and smilingly remarked that he was running the risk of incurring the wrath of the Republican powers that be.

"Does your Majesty think that there are many functionaries of the Republic who would have ventured to accept your invitation?" he asked.



"Do you think, M. Paoli," retorted the ex-empress with ready wit, "that there are many functionaries to whom I should have addressed such an invitation?"

The late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who fell by the knife of the anarchist Luccheni, took a great fancy to the amiable little commissary, who watched over her at each of her visits to France during a period of five years. By a strange coincidence—was it a presentiment?—the ill-fated Empress was speaking of M. Paoli almost at the moment of assassination. If M. Paoli had then been by her side the Empress would probably be alive now.

"On September 10, 1898," said M. Paoli to me, "on returning to Paris from one of my missions, I read in the evening papers the awful intelligence. Judge of my horror! I determined to start immediately for Geneva. As I was packing, the postman brought me a registered letter from Barker, the Empress Elizabeth's devoted reader. In it her Majesty expressed her desire to have me about her person, if my duties permitted it. Her Majesty added that she would arrive in Nice on December 1, so that, if I could not join her at Caix, near Geneva, where she was then residing, she hoped to see me at the Hotel Regina, at Nice."

"The next day I reached Geneva, Princess Sataray, the Empress's lady-in-waiting, said to me: 'M. Paoli, her Majesty's last thought was addressed to you. As we were going from the Hotel Beauvillage to the landing-stage of the Quai de Mont Blanc, the Empress remarked to me: 'That good Paoli has received Barker's letter, I hope. How delighted he will be! I should be so pleased to see him here; but at all events we shall meet in Nice.' These were almost the last words that her Majesty spoke. A few moments later, Luccheni had plunged his murderous knife into her heart."

Among the thirty autograph portraits adorning M. Paoli's walls, none is the object of greater veneration than that of the ill-fated Empress—nor is any keepsake more jealously guarded than a beautiful hunting-knife which belonged to her and which one of the Austrian Archdukes gave to M. Paoli in memory of her.

I have said enough to show what a wonderful old man M. Paoli is. To look at him you would say he was barely sixty, yet he has long left behind him the Psalmist's three-score years and ten. In spite of a more than ordinarily anxious responsibility he is as vigorous as many young men. He keeps a pedometer in his pocket, and is disconcerted when he has not covered his twenty kilometers (12½ miles) before going to bed.

## The Revolt of Jepson

By ELIZABETH L. HASKELL

From Harper's Bazaar

THE Jepsons had finished their evening meal and Mr. Jepson, paper in hand, was comfortably seated in his armchair, toasting his slippers feet before the crackling fire.

He did not look, however, as a domesticated and thoroughly contented young husband should look. There was a troubled frown on his brow, a discontented droop to the corners of his mouth, and his eyes, instead of settling with satisfied precision upon his evening paper, wandered, expressive of disturbance, about the room.

There were no fresh flowers in the vases; the piano was closed; it made him think of a sealed sepulchre of sound; the low, cushioned rocker on the other side of the hearth was mournfully unoccupied, and from the half-open lid of the work-box beside it protruded the same ribbed end of an undared blue sock that had been aggravatingly dangling before his eyes for ten days or more. Mr. Jepson turned his head slightly, and looked out of the corner of his right eye at Mrs. Jepson, sitting tense in a straight-backed chair, her blond head bent in studied concentration over a shallow wooden frame resting on a small stand. Mr. Jepson sighed, then rustled his paper, then coughed, apparently unnoticed. In vexed desperation, with a manly effort to keep his tone amiable, he spoke,

"Laura."

"Yes, dear."

It was an abstracted and non-committal reply; the conversation might have ceased here assuredly with no after chance to the response.

Jepson rolled his chair a little to one side and partially faced his wife.

"Don't you want to come and talk to me a little, dear? I haven't seen you all day; in fact, it seems days and days since we have really had a good chat together."

Mrs. Jepson paused, her right hand holding a bit of colored board poised in midair, and patiently smiled at her husband.

"Just a few minutes, dear; I've not more than a dozen pieces to fit in, and this one has perplexed me so, I can't wait to see it finished."

"How long have you been at it?" This guardedly, the evenly conversational tone giving no hint of the ready snare.

"Since breakfast." Mrs. Jepson had deposited the bit at first in hand, and was now seeking a fit place for another. "After you left I started up-stairs, and then thought I'd just take a peek at this one, and it looked so pretty, before I knew it I'd started, and then, of course, I couldn't stop."

"Laura! A whole day!" This was disguised reproach, but it fell on barren soil. Mrs. Jepson's whole attention was again given over to the jig-sawed pieces before her.

Mr. Jepson said no more; he cast a look of bitter meaning at the ribbed-silk end of hosiery, bit his lip, and



When a man has climbed to the top of the ladder called Success it keeps him so busy hanging on that he hasn't time to enjoy the scenery.



vehemently shook out the evening paper.

Ten minutes later the door-bell rang. Mr. Jepson groaned. Mrs. Jepson did not hear. Annie opened the door, and, sans ceremonie, the Blakelys announced themselves and removed their wraps. Mrs. Blakely carried a wooden tray. "I couldn't wait, Laura," she cried. "I just finished this, and simply had to bring it over to you, it's such a beauty."

Jepson, in half-hearted colloquy with Blakely, was fully conscious of the two women, the blond head and the dark, bent in eager scrutiny over the silly picture-puzzle, and of his wife's first words to the newcomer:

"That must have been an absorbing one; I've only a few more pieces to this one. Do sit down and help me! Do you think this bit of marble urn belongs on the right or the left of the balustrade?"

Thereafter there was double concentration, with only an occasional murmured word of advice from one to the other. His own perfunctory talk with Blakely flowed uninterruptedly for some time, and then two satisfied exclamations, and a demand for instant approval of "such a pretty picture" broke in upon them. Jepson and Blakely obediently looked over at the picture, an insipid lady and a peacock in a very unreal Italian garden. Blakely made a few polite remarks and even evinced some little interest in the description of the difficulty of putting together the peacock feathers. Jepson said never a word. He turned back to his conversation with Blakely, and the latter once launched on his hobby, he was able to open one ear to feminine talk.

"Have you seen the Gorham's new one?" Mrs. Blakely was saying.

"No, I haven't," Laura admitted, with as much reluctance as if she had failed to see some celebrated work of art on exhibition or hear about some really good book.

"Eight hundred and fifty pieces, my dear! A coronation scene twenty-two by thirty-five; the Queen of Hol-

land, I think. They've had it mounted on linen and framed."

"What a good idea!" said Laura. "Mrs. Cross has a six-hundred piece one that she is just finishing; she kept count of the exact number of hours it's taken her; she's on her twenty-third now. She's going to let me have it when she's through, and I shall do my best to finish it in less time than she has. I'm going to give a party next Friday and I want you to come—just ten—and we'll begin at two o'clock. I bought the puzzles yesterday; they sound very interesting. I can hardly keep my hands off them until the time comes," etc., etc.

Jepson looked closely at Blakely, talking obviously on; Blakely didn't seem to mind what his wife did, but he, Jepson, did. He wanted back the old sweet companionship of a few months ago, the thousand kindred interests, the inseparability of mind. He wanted a womanly comrade for a wife, not a silly faddist. He could scarcely contain the expression of his relief when the Blakelys rose to go.

"Laura," he said, a moment later, "I wish you wouldn't do any more of those silly puzzles."

"Why, Joe, everyone does them!"

"I know, but that's no reason. I don't want you to do them," Jepson was irritated and most unwise. Mrs. Jepson visibly stiffened.

"It is absurd for you to be jealous of a puzzle; I really can't indulge you in such whims."

Jepson was angered. "Whims! Jealous! It isn't a question of jealousy, it's a question of wanting a home and a wife, not an unkempt abode and a so-called companion absorbed in an unworthy pursuit."

Perhaps Mrs. Jepson saw too much justice in this attack. She veered. "You didn't mind bridge."

"I minded it enough, but it wasn't forced upon me; we always had our evenings together, and you never played all day long! Besides, there's some stimulation in bridge, some mental activity; it is training for the mem-

ory; while these puzzles are pure insanity."

"They teach concentration." "Concentration be hanged! If you would concentrate on Gibbon's Rome, or Carlyle's Revolution, you might accomplish something, while here"—Jepson swept his hand across the pictured board—"now what have you achieved?"

Mrs. Jepson sprang forward protesting, but too late. "Oh, Joe, that was mean! I wanted to show it to Mollie!"

"If you would show her some darned stockings for me, and some mended clothes, and a tidy house instead, she might have the good sense to appreciate it."

Mrs. Jepson had frozen into a grave and irate dignity. "I will see that your clothes are mended," she said. "Good night."

"Laura!" Jepson called. She turned at the foot of the stair. "Are you going to continue this idiocy against my wishes?"

"I am sorry it displeases you, but I shall certainly go on doing puzzles just as long as I wish to."

"Are you going to give that party?"

"I am."

"Well, you'll be sorry."

Laura went on up the stair, and Jepson returned to his armchair and threw himself down with a groan. He had gone about it in the wrong way, made a fool of himself, but fundamentally, of course, he was right.

The following Thursday night, when all was still in the house and Mrs. Jepson was peacefully breathing in slumber, Jepson stole down to the library. On a corner table five neat new-labelled boxes rested, one on the other. Jepson lifted each one off and set them all in a row. He read the labels carefully; they were all alike in dimension and number of pieces; the titles in particular interested him.

"Old Black Joe," he read, "Little Bo-Peep," "The Evening Prayer," "A Ballet-Dancer," "The Woodsman." He lifted the covers one by one and thoughtfully fingered the

pieces of the "Old Black Joe" puzzle with his left hand; he hesitated, withdrew his hand, then bravely plunged it in again, and brought up a scant handful of the wooden pieces. With his right hand he took some pieces from the "Little Bo-peep" box and dropped the left-hand pieces in; he gave a half-sigh of guilty relief; he had begun now, and must go on. He read the labels again with increasing interest, and next took a handful from the "Woodsman" and dropped the "Bo-Peep" pieces in. To put the "Evening Prayer" pieces into the "Ballet-Dancer" was the joking work of a moment, and a few of the "Ballet-Dancer" bits filled up the gap in "Old Black Joe," then, at the last, the long-laid-aside bits of the "Woodsman" went into the "Evening Prayer" box, and the guilty deed was done. Jepson hastily put the covers on, restored the boxes to order, and half amused, half ashamed, guiltily triumphant and unaccountably oppressed, he made his way up the shadowy stair.

At two o'clock on Friday the guests began to arrive. Mrs. Jepson was not as enthusiastically cordial as she might, under other circumstances, have been. To tell the truth, she was rather bored at the prospect of an afternoon spent over a puzzle. Puzzles had gradually been growing of less interest to her. She had tried one or two since that stormy Monday evening, but had soon put them aside, wearied, ever more conscious of the justice of Joe's remarks, really glad to return to the neglected household duties which seemed to her now so pleasant by contrast, with a memory of profitable hours as a reward.

To-day, she resolved, was to be the beginning of the end. As soon as she could, with dignity, and obviously of her own inclination, abstain altogether she would, not, she determined, while Joe might believe it to be in obedience to his mandates.

It fell to her lot to put together "The Evening Prayer" with Mrs. Gorham, and they got along famously.

Being time-keeper and hostess, at propitious moments she left her table for a general survey, and found, to her satisfaction, all advancing with unusual ease. As the chaotic bits of their picture grew into a composition, however, she and Mrs. Gorham exchanged perplexed remarks about a handful of pieces at one side, sections of a plaid shirt and brawny arm and the blade of an axe, which did not seem a part of the rest. Soon she became conscious of similar murmurs on every side, which gradually merged into protestations and dissatisfied sentences exchanged from one table to another; her own puzzle, she was by this time convinced, was not going right; the rag carpet, snowy cot, and kneeling figure of a flaxen-haired babe had come out nicely, but above, where the flowing neither drapery of an unmistakably angelic quality floated in the ether, was a gap, and the pieces left to fill it, she could see, would form not a cherubic countenance and halo, but a strong right arm and shining axe.

Being thoroughly conversant with the titles of the other puzzles, the "Woodsmen" at once popped into her mind, and, with a dawning suspicion of what had happened, she made the tour of the tables.

Mrs. Fitch and Mrs. Butler had almost completed "Bo-Peep," but could with dignity go no farther. Bo-Peep's bodice and flowered skirt and her crook were there, the daisied grass and the blue sky, but where her head should have been was a hole, and with the pieces left at the side Mrs. Butler was just finishing a black and grizzled physiognomy. The ladies did not smile or speak as Mrs. Jepson passed; they looked at their puzzle, then at the clock, frowned, and bit their lips.

At the next table matters were even worse. The Ballet-Dancer was only finished to the waist, and Mrs. Jepson, with a glance at the remaining pieces, could see what might have been her own angel's head and wings as a substitute for the corymb's boucées.

The ladies at work upon it were bewildered. Mrs. Blakely's partner at the next table had given up, and sat back in her chair while poor Mrs. Blakely strove to reconcile a coquettish shepherdess head-dress with a one-armed and axeless woodsman, and Mrs. Cross, in the corner, had Old Black Joe and his banjo all done save his head, and nothing to go where that should be but bits suggesting a dancer's skirt.

She had not passed the second table before she was fully convinced of the joke at her expense, and, while burning indignantly with Jepson, was instantly determined that she could not, even so, expose either herself or him to these indignant women. With the keen eye of defensive criticism she all at once perceived how lacking in humor the faces were. The need for instant decision brought out joyously a saving idea, and at the end of the room she turned with flaming cheeks, and as natural a laugh as she could summon, and made a little speech.

"You all seem very much perplexed," she said, with a mischievously ingratiating air, "and I don't wonder! You see, I was tired of playing puzzles in the same old way, and thought it was time some new one should be invented. I mixed the pieces!"

There was an involuntary start, a surprised rustle around the room. "I am going to give you each five minutes now to pick out your own pieces from the other tables and five more to put them together. One, two, three—go!"

For a few moments all was confusion, a hurried peering at other tables, then a carrying back of missing pieces to their proper sphere.

The first call of "finished" came within eight minutes from Mrs. Fitch, and other announcements followed at imperceptible intervals.

The signs of displeasure had disappeared under stress of the momentary excitement, and as Mrs. Jepson poured the tea she was besieged with compliments, and with confidence she enlarged upon her sudden idea.

"Yes," she said, "I think it does make a pleasant little change; of course, I wasn't quite sure how it would work, but next time I would mix them more."

"It's a splendid idea," said Mrs. Gorham, "and do let's keep it quiet so we can surprise others."

When they had gone Mrs. Jepson with satisfaction regarded each puzzle in turn. Her vexation had all merged into expectant triumph. She placed the frames in advantageous positions, each to be a mute victory in the surprised eyes of Jepson on his return.

But Jepson did not return.

Mrs. Jepson stood at the window and watched until nearly seven o'clock; the long summer twilight was merging in to dark, and still no Jepson.

He had never been so late before. He was staying away to punish her, or perhaps something dreadful had happened to him. She had made his home distasteful, had disobeyed and displeased him. Oh, those miserable puzzles! She heartily wished she had never seen one.

Disconsolate, restless, on the verge of tears, she went up-stairs.

On the threshold of her room she paused amazed, incredulous! The rays of dying light from the west window fell across a figure close to his sash, bending in deepest concentration over a wooden frame.

Mrs. Jepson, when she could move, tiptoed across the room. Jepson did not stir until she touched him on the shoulder, then, as their eyes met, they burst into shrieks of uncontrolled laughter.

Annie, coming up to announce dinner, paused, affrighted, thinking they had gone mad.

On his way to the dining-room Jepson took a look at the completed puzzles; at dinner he explained:

"I came out on the two-ten to be in at the death. I sneaked up the back stairs, and was going to creep down again to see the fun when things went wrong, but I got awfully bored until I saw that puzzle-box, and then I thought I'd demonstrate to myself just how insane a thing it was to do, and, really, I knew nothing more until you touched my shoulder."

"Oh, I wish you had come down," said Mrs. Jepson, "to witness my presence of mind."

"I might have known," said Joe, "that I couldn't get the best of you," and he squeezed her hand under the table.

"Well, you have, really, you know, because I'm cured. In that moment when I was an outsider, and at their mercy, I realized how absurd their intensity was; it struck my sense of humor. But it is fascinating now, isn't it?"

"How can I deny it?" said Jepson.

**STATING** the thing broadly, the human individual usually lives far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his maximum, and he behaves below his optimum.  
—William James.

# The Rival Rain-Makers of the Yukon

By C. H. E. ASKWITH

From Wide World Magazine

SELDOM, if ever, has a great Imperial dependency been placed in such an absurd position as resulted from the farcical outcome of the rain-making experiments conducted under the auspices of the Government of the Yukon Territory of Canada four years ago. The remarkable series of coincidences whereby the medicine-men of the tribe of the Moosehide Indians was enabled to accomplish what had baffled all the resources of modern science, and the consequent turning of the tribe from the teachings of Christianity to the gods of their savage fathers, is a denouement worthy of the boisterous taste of Aristophanes.

When the unexpected farce-comedy was developing in Dawson, the Yukon capital, a portion of the tale reached the outside world. But the tale, as a whole, was too ridiculous to place upon the telegraph wire, and it is only now that the story is related in full detail for the first time, although some inquiries were made two sessions ago in the Canadian Parliament concerning the fate of Yukon's rain-making experiments. However, at that time all the facts were not in the possession of the Government, and in consequence the story was not told.

The Yukon Territory is entirely given over to the production of placer gold. Now, those not familiar with a placer gold country cannot understand how much the entire prosperity of the district depends upon a plentiful rainfall during the summer months. With sufficient water the largest piles

of "dirt" may be washed out in the sluices and the imprisoned gold obtained; with a scarcity of rain the streams dry up, the mines, with their costly plants, lie idle, and the country's prosperity is arrested.

Mr. J. T. Lithgow, Controller of Yukon, after several years of continuous work, left for a holiday "on the outside," as Yukoners call the rest of the world beyond the bounds of their territory. This was in the winter of 1905. On his return, some months later, Mr. Lithgow described in the columns of the Yukon Daily World, of which the writer was then editor-in-chief, the rain-making experiments of a man named Hatfield, which he (the Controller) had witnessed while in Southern California. These experiments were apparently successful, for Hatfield's employers, being satisfied that the rainfall in that region during the course of his experiments had been heavier than for years before, paid him the sum that it had been agreed he was to get in the event of a demonstrated success.

When Mr. Lithgow's remarks were read throughout the length of the Yukon there was an immediate demand for the services of the rain-maker. Next day the World published letters from several prominent miners individually offering sums, all the way up to a thousand dollars, towards a subscription to bring the rain-maker north. As one man wrote, "An addition of a couple of inches of rainfall during July and August would mean an additional output of a hundred

thousand dollars to my claims alone, and an addition of many millions to the country's annual gold-crop."

The long public discussion that followed, and the views expressed by prominent men on both sides of the rain-making controversy, can be imagined. Finally, public opinion swung to the conclusion that ten thousand dollars was not a large sum for so rich a country, and that, if there were any chance whatever of the experiments being successful, the country had better employ Mr. Hatfield and his element-controlling machinery. The Yukon council, then in session, voted five thousand dollars towards the experiments, while the weather mining operators raised five thousand dollars more by private subscription.

The agreement was made in legal form. Hatfield was to come and conduct his experiments during the month of July that summer. He was to produce at least two inches more rainfall that month than had occurred during July of the previous year, the year of 1904 having produced a good average rainfall. A committee of the prominent miners who had contributed was to decide whether the experimenter had fulfilled his agreement to the letter. If the decision were in his favor, he was to receive ten thousand dollars. In any case he was to receive his expenses, fixed arbitrarily, but generously, at two thousand dollars.

Hatfield came—he saw—and the rest is history. On the dome from which all Klondiker's gold-bearing streams take their rise, he set up his machinery on a high scaffolding. His Jove-controlling apparatus consisted of a large box set on high and open to the sky. In it, he said, were the chemicals which induced moisture to come from hundreds of miles distant and precipitate itself at the place agreed upon.

No one was permitted to view the interior of the box of mystery. In a tent beside the elevated box in which his chemicals were placed Hatfield

took his station, and during the month of July, in the course of which he was to add two inches to the country's rainfall, he never permitted anyone to approach it.

Not far from the dome on which Hatfield was at work dwelt the tribe of the Moosehide. Among the tribal villages were many old and middle-aged men who remembered the palmy days of Alaska before the white men had set foot in the land. Their old chief, Silas, often spoke of the times, not so long past, when the tribe went forth a thousand strong to battle—when the wigwams swarmed with children and the women were tall and beautiful. But all had changed. The firewater of the paleface, the corruption of gold, of soft living, the insidious influence of the presence of thousands of white men, had caused the glory of the tribe to depart for ever. Instead of following the great herds of moose and caribou through the long summer days, or under the glory of the aurora borealis, the braves now worked in the mines or on the river steamers, and—oh! what a fall was there—bought their meat from a Dawson City butcher.

All the misfortunes of the tribe Silas, the hereditary chief, attributed to the adoption of Christianity by the tribe. Silas and Noonan, the gloomy medicine-man of former days, alone stood firm in their belief in the gods of their fathers. The old chief and his mysterious-looking satellite were of the old dispensation—relies of the tribe's heroic age.

The rain-making preparation aroused the interest of the entire tribe as nothing had done for a generation. It was something they could understand, for did not Noonan assist the former medicine-man to sacrifice gifts in the still remembered summer over fifty years ago—long before the white man's day—when no rain fell for months, and the grass withered in the valleys and the streams were still; when the moose and caribou died by the dried-up springs and the mighty Yukon itself was but a trickle?

Night and day the members of the tribe ringed the hill on whose top the scaffolding of Hatfield's creation might be seen. Silent, solitary, and apart, each wrapped in his blanket, the braves would stand hour after hour watching the box on the hill-top. The only sound to be heard was an occasional guttural grunt. It was apparent from the intermittent remarks of the Indians that they regarded the attempt as religious, rather than scientific; they thought the white men were appealing to their gods to bring rain. No explanation could shake them from this belief.

On the evening of July 1st, upon which Hatfield's experiment was to begin, a stately little procession might have been seen wending its way along the streets of the northern capital. Silas, hereditary chief of the Moosehides, led the way, while close behind him stalked Noonan, tribal medicine-man and high priest of the old religion. Behind him again came Isaac, a couple of the younger chiefs, and one or two of the principal hunters of the village. Arrayed in their best blankets, their hair carefully greased with bear-fat and adorned with porcupine quills, as in the days of old when they went forth to war, a "pot-latch," or a great religious observance, the little procession had a rude dignity all its own.

Before the office of the World they stopped, and, while the bodyguard remained outside, Silas and Noonan entered and proceeded directly to the office of the editor. Without preamble or introduction Silas spoke as follows:

"Paleface rain-bringing medicine-man no good. Paleface no understand rain-bringing Indian medicine-man bring rain for many thousands. Next noon, when paleface medicine-man stop try bringing rain, Silas's medicine-man stop try bringing rain—brings floods of rain. Silas knows. Thousands sleep as before white man come to Al-ke-as-ka (Alaska; vast land). Moosehides have plenty rain. Tell all palefaces in

black-and-white talk (newspaper) what Silas will do. Enough; I have spoken."

Then, without dignity, he threw his blanket across his shoulder and, motioning to his still silent attendant, stalked out of the little office with the air of a Caesar.

Next day Yukoners read the announcement of Silas and laughed. There were not a great many subjects of conversation in Yukon in those days, and the promise of the Indian chief was remembered.

In the meantime Hatfield was having mighty hard luck. On July and he had a shower, and people began to say that there "might be something in this rain-making idea after all." But then the sky cleared up, and it seemed as if there was not another drop of moisture left in all the heavens. Day after day passed without even the sign of a cloud as large as a man's hand, and, from a semi-belief in the rain-maker, people passed to open scoffing. And so the month passed—the driest in the history of the white man's occupation of the Yukon.

The unfortunate Hatfield did not wait for the end. Packing his plant and collecting his expense money, he folded his tent like the Arabs and silently stole away. The affair was a nine days' talk, and was then passing to the forgotten stage, when news reached Dawson that great events were afoot in the chief village of the Moosehides.

For several nights there had been a sound of singing and chanting from under the mighty palisades of the Yukon, where the tribal villages had stood from time immemorial. A couple of white puppies had been sacrificed and the medicine-man had gone into trances nightly, and was now so mysterious that no one could understand or approach him. Not for a generation had such things happened among the quiet Moosehides.

On the evening before August 1st the same little Indian procession made its appearance on the streets of Dawson. Silas and his medicine-man

again announced through the papers that a great rain was about to commence, the work of the spirits of their tribe. Like Elisha and Ahab, Silas warned everyone to get under cover. There was not much news going just then, and the writer made quite a feature of the old chief's picturesque promises.

In the working out of Nature's law of averages and compensation, some queer results are occasionally produced. No rain had fallen for a month, an unusual thing in that country, so it was not very extraordinary that on the afternoon of August 1st heavy clouds should gather and burst, causing one of the heaviest rainstorms of the decade.

But this was not all. The rains descended continuously and the floods came. Day after day the sun was obscured by showers, down-pours, drizzling mists, and fogs. For the first time for weeks the miners had enough water with which to sluice out their gold. Everyone in the Yukon was happy, and prosperity descended upon the entire camp.

But the old chief and the gloomy, saturnine Noonan were happiest of all, for had they not brought the rain and the prosperity? And would not the young braves of the tribe, who had so long run after the strange religion of the palefaces, come back to a belief in the ancient tribal faith?

By way of a joke Tom Fitzpatrick, one of the old "koodonghies" (early comers) of the Yukon, started a movement to reward Silas. As Hatfield had failed to bring rain and earn his ten thousand dollars, and as Silas, chief of the Moosehides, had succeeded, he said the Yukon Government ought to give the ten thousand dollars' bonus to Silas and Noonan. This, to the tribe, was the last thing necessary to their complete triumph. It was the acknowledgment by the paleface himself that the Indian magic was more powerful than his own, the hallmark upon the tribal efforts to bring rain. Of course, the Indians

were not given the money; but that, to the uncommercial red men was a minor consideration. They had got the glory, which was what they sought.

Two Sundays later the Rev. Adam MacLaren, a Scotch missionary who had been laboring among the tribal villages, but who had been away for a couple of months visiting another district, returned, and proceeded to the village to hold the regular semi-monthly services in the little mission hall that stood near the wigwam of the chief. He waited till long past the hour of the service, but no one appeared. Then, from the other end of the village, he heard sounds to which the place had long been a stranger—the old sacrificial chant that had been abandoned when the tribe accepted the Christian religion a dozen years before.

Frowning, he walked in the direction of the noise, which grew ever louder and clearer. As he turned one of the hill corners he came upon the entire tribe assembled in a great circle, in the middle of which stood a weird, gesticulating figure arrayed in skins and paint. It was Noonan, the high priest of the old religion, dancing before the resurrected tribal stone of sacrifice, which the missionary thought had been thrown into the Yukon a dozen years ago.

He pleaded with them to come to the mission, but his words fell on deaf ears. For bubbling in a pot over the fire was the body of a white puppy, and presently, when the incantation was finished, they would all squat about in a great circle, each chewing a bone of the sacrifice. For this was one of the most sacred observances of the old-time faith, giving courage, long-life, and luck to the tribe.

The missionary walked slowly back to Dawson. To him it was a tragedy—the upsetting of the results of years of patient work. But in the village of the Moosehides all was happiness and contentment, and many presents littered the wigwam of the high priest.

# How I Got My Start

By THOMAS A. EDISON

From the Circle Magazine.

IF I were to name the greatest influence in my life I would say evolution working overtime—yes, I would say working on a double shift. A man grows and broadens like the plan for an intricate piece of machinery. Like the invention the man is made principally and primarily by work. A discovery may be the result of chance. An invention never. The greatest feats of mechanical history have been accomplished by the greatest work. In my life the word "work" looms large and potent from my earliest recollections.

When I was twelve years old I began life, my working-life, as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. The terminal of the line was at Detroit, where I replenished my little stock of papers and magazines for the next run. This was just before the outbreak of the Civil War. Curiously enough, it was my work as newsboy and a great battle which first turned my mind seriously to telegraphy. This apparently incongruous combination resulted from the following incident:

I found that one of my greatest problems was to judge correctly in advance the number of newspapers I could sell on one trip. If I bought more than I could dispose of, that meant a loss. On the other hand, if I didn't buy enough, that meant so much out of pocket. For some time this problem of judging the weather-cock of the day's news was more than I could master. Then I hit upon the expedient of going to the office of the Detroit Free Press, where I had made

a friend of one of the compositors, and asking him for proofs of the leading news events in the current issue. If anything out of the ordinary was chronicled I promptly proceeded to make capital of it by buying a larger stock of papers. If the news was dull I bought accordingly. One day I was confronted with the startling report of the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, with its long list of killed and wounded—one of the most memorable of the early engagements of the war.

At once I was wildly excited. If I could get the news of the battle to the people on the train and the stations along the line—for my field included the small rural depots, also—what a harvest I would reap! I walked boldly into the office of the circulation manager.

"Let me have 1,000 copies of the paper, to be paid for when sold."

The manager gave me one short, disgusted glance.

"You won't get them unless they're paid for now," he answered, curtly.

I walked out of the office in deep dejection. Here was an end to the small harvest of nickels and dimes I had been picturing, for, of course, I had no money before my sales. Suddenly a desperate inspiration came to me and I mounted the stairs to the sanctum of Wilbur F. Storey, the publisher of the Free Press. He peered at me in silence when I made my request. I had changed it somewhat, on the principle that I might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb. "I

want fifteen hundred papers," I stated when I had finished.

Would the great publisher grant my daring request? The question was soon answered. Turning to his desk Mr. Storey wrote a few lines on a slip of paper and handed it to me. "Take this down to the circulation room, my boy. I think it will help you."

It did. I got the fifteen hundred copies, and began to realize what a task I had set out for myself. How was I to let the various stations know that I was coming and what my news was? As I passed the telegraph office the answer came to me. I walked in and had an earnest five minutes' conversation with the operator, at the end of which he had promised to despatch the announcement of the battle to the points along my route, together with the fact that I was arriving with the papers, and on my side I had promised to supply him with two magazines and one daily paper free of charge for the next six months.

Our first stop was Utica. When I saw the platform of the station I thought we had struck an excursion party; but it was only the residents clamoring for my papers. At Mt. Clemens there was an even wilder scene, and at Port Huron I sold all the remainder of my stock at twenty-five cents apiece—and wished for more! I had not been daring enough.

I remember that the incident left two distinct impressions in my mind. One was the advantage of the telegraph and the other was the ambition to publish a newspaper of my own. Such was the attraction of this latter idea that I proceeded to put it into immediate execution. Now, it may seem impossible for a boy of thirteen or fourteen, with hardly a cent in the world, to talk of publishing a newspaper. This is how I did it. I found that a set of old type and a battered, much-worn hand press had been discarded at the office of the Free Press, and I managed to secure possession of them. Also, the railroad put an old baggage car at my disposal for a sup-

ply room for my papers and magazines while on my trips. Here I set up my little plant and began the publication of the ambitious periodical which I called the Grand Trunk Herald.

Of course, the journal was a decidedly amateurish affair, about twelve by sixteen inches in size, if I remember rightly, and confined to gossip of the line. I was my own reporter, editor, typesetter, proofreader, and pressman. The railway men took an interest in my venture and soon I began to find myself supplied with a liberal variety of personal items of the Grand Trunk Notices such as the announcement that the baggage-master at a country station had broken his leg or that an engine had gone to the shop for repairs or that an excited passenger had lost his baggage might not be of general interest, but they tickled the railway men, and I found my circulation growing, so that I had to hire three boys to help me. I think I was about fourteen years old at the time.

By degrees I found myself printing over four hundred papers, and I began to entertain highly colored dreams of the future. I believe we made over five hundred dollars profit in one year. But our prosperity was destined to be short lived.

I have mentioned that the paper was printed in an old baggage car, which had been given over to my use by the company. On the same train was a conductor whose ill will I had, unfortunately, incurred. One day a bottle of phosphorus, which I was using in some boyish chemical experiments, was upset while the train was in motion. Instantly the car was ablaze and the train in an uproar. The fire was easily extinguished, of course, but the conductor, eager to seize the opportunity to vent his spite, threw me and my printing press and chemicals out on the platform of the next station. My printing-plant was ruined and, of course, my career as a publisher ended. But this was not all.

The conductor, to emphasize his ill will, boxed my ears with such force that he injured my hearing for life. When the train steamed away from the station you can imagine that I was in a ghastly condition.

My mother, however, gave me the basement of the house for a work room, and the railroad made no objections to my continuing my work as a news vendor if I left my chemicals and printing press at home.

It was shortly after these misadventures that I took my first real step in the electrical field. This was made possible through a curious circumstance. I was still doing my work as newsboy on the Grand Trunk when the train stopped one day at the Mt. Clemens station for freight. As it usually stayed for half an hour I had improved my time by making several acquaintances in the neighborhood of the depot. On this occasion I was strolling about the station when I noticed Jemmy, the little two-year-old son of J. U. Mackenzie, the station master. Jemmy and I were great friends. He was a bright little fellow and we used to enjoy some lively romps together.

I was about to call him when I saw that the train had begun switching; some cars were left at the northern end of the track while the remainder, some twelve or fifteen, with the engine, were backed on to the freight-house siding. Here a large baggage car was standing, filled with freight of various descriptions and waiting to be coupled on to the train. The engineer's purpose was to give this car a sufficient push to send it down the track by its own momentum until it reached the other section on the northern end.

Of course, Jemmy was unaware of the situation, and when I glanced toward him again, just as the baggage car was started forward, I saw to my horror that he was sitting between the rails directly in its path. It was too late to shout to him. Before he could be warned of his danger he would be crushed under the heavy wheels. With

the little fellow's bright, sunny smile before me I made a desperate resolve. Running down the platform I sprang on to the track before the rumbling car and jerked the boy from under its wheels just in time to save his life. It was so sudden that I didn't realize my own danger and, of course, I didn't take any special credit for the exploit, for I think that almost any one with any heart would have done the same thing. But it made the father very grateful and he began to think of a way to show his appreciation. He was a poor man and could not give me money. What could he do? Then he remembered my fondness for telegraphy and, to my great surprise and delight, offered to teach me how to become an operator. At last the dream of my boyhood was to be realized. You may believe that I worked hard those days, still keeping on with my duties as newsboy during the regular run and coming back in the evening to take my lesson in telegraphy.

From the very first I think the idea of improving the telegraph was before me. The telegraph line of that period was rather crude and cumbersome. The duplex telegraph was just in its infancy and quadruplex telegraphy was still a dream.

Of course, with my youthful enthusiasm I soon mastered the rudiments of the key and began to make satisfactory progress in the work of operator. Before I was seventeen I was a full-fledged telegrapher and taking as much pleasure in my work. I think, as the average boy of that age gets out of baseball or football. Of course, this kind of life stimulated my mechanical faculties, so that I began to absorb every fact I could find in relation to electricity.

But my love for chemistry would not down, and all of the money I could spare I put into retorts and test tubes and chemicals.

My first invention—that is, the first that brought me to the Patent Office—was an electrical vote recorder, which my boyish dream imagined

would revolutionize the parliamentary procedure of congress. It was a rather simple contrivance. When the apparatus was installed in the house of representatives each member of congress would find two buttons on his desk, one labeled "aye" and the other "nay." On the desk of the speaker there would be a square frame containing two dials. One was for the affirmative votes, the other for the negative, and below each heading were spaces in which the number of ballots would be indicated. For instance, when a congressman voted "aye," if he were the fifth man, the number "five" appeared on the indicator. If he voted "aye" a similar result appeared on the other dial. Thus it was possible to announce the result of any ballot, however close, as soon as the last tally flashed into position at the speaker's elbow.

I managed to interest a capitalist in the venture and together we journeyed to Washington to exhibit the machine to congress. After the usual delay we secured the privilege of a private exhibition before the usual committee. The machine worked to perfection and I was building all sorts of castles in the air when the chairman turned to me with a smile and said, "Young

man, you have a splendid thing here. It works all right—but that's the trouble. It works too well for us."

I stared at him in bewilderment.

"Don't you know," he continued, pleasantly, "that the only recourse which the minority now has is to delay the vote of an important issue? I presume you have heard of the 'deadlock.' Well, your little machine would make the 'deadlock' impossible. Neither political party would want it, because the one which is in power this year might fall to second place next year. Do you catch the point?"

I did. Likewise I learned a lesson. In future I never attempted an invention without first assuring myself that there was a ready market for it when it was completed.

You ask me for the story of my youth. This is it. As I have reached my majority and have come of voting age, the chronicle of the boy properly ceases. Those days were forty-nine years ago, and I would like to add, for the benefit of men in general, that I am working as hard now as I did then. Work is Action, Life. I am glad that I can work, that I love work. I owe all that I am to hard work. It is a thought good to dwell upon.

## The Value of Saving

There is dignity in the very effort to save with a worthy purpose, even though the attempt should not be crowned with eventual success. It produces a well-regulated mind; it gives prudence a triumph over extravagance; it gives virtue to the mastery over vice; it puts the passions under control; it drives away care; it secures comfort. Saved money, however little, will serve to dry up many a tear.

—Scottier

# The Woman Inexplicable

By

H. GRAHAM STARR

THE man paused at the gangway. "Two," he said shortly, presenting his pass. The purser nodded and the man sauntered across the gangplank. The girl turned and faced him.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded curtly.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Impulse," he responded quickly. "The woman in trouble and the man on the spot is it not?"

She frowned. "But how did you know?"

"When a man sees a woman feel in her jacket pocket, take her hand out easy and look wildly around—well, the cause is obvious."

"How did you know I was genuine?"

He suppressed a snifle. "I didn't," he responded laconically.

She pursed her lips and the brows drew together in a decided frown. "And now?" There came a slight quaver in the voice.

He had taken a cigar from his case and solaced off the end with a watch charm. He regarded it fondly, looked thoughtfully at the girl and then returned it to the case.

She smiled. "Is that an answer?" she inquired.

He laughed this time, very low and mellow as a man who seldom laughs. "You are an interesting problem," he replied musingly. "I'll suspend judgment."

A slow flush crept into her cheeks. Her lips fluttered to speak and then

compressed firmly. The flush died away and left the childish features pale and wan.

The telegraph signaled "Stand By." The whistle gave a hoarse roar.

"They are casting off," said the man briefly. "Come up on deck. Oh, by the way have you any—ah—impediments?" He regarded her trim figure and observed she had not so much as a pair of gloves in her hand.

"It is checked," she replied briefly. They climbed on deck and found chairs.

"You may smoke that cigar now," she granted, smiling archly. He bowed slightly and accepted her kindness. "I haven't thanked you yet," she went on: "I have been too amazed to do anything. You can easily understand I was in an awkward position."

He nodded shortly and shifted his chair a little to leeward. He could observe her profile when she looked ashore. He crossed his legs and hugged one knee.

"Now, that you open the subject," he commenced, "I would just like to interpolate a remark or two. Because you feel under a bit of obligation to me—only a moral obligation be-

lieve me—I do not wish that you feel compelled to let me tarry here. Frankly, if you do not object, I'd like to do so. However, just meet my eyes and I'll take it a signal to leave."

She laughed very softly and looked across the bay.

"You are quite—interesting," she said testatively. He made a grimace.

"A more serious question is with regard to your loss," he continued gravely. "Was it just your ticket or—?"

"It was every negotiable thing I possessed," she responded calmly.

"H'm, h'm!" He smoked for an interval in silence. "It doesn't appear to worry you."

She pursed her lips. "For what good?"

"Quite true. Rather unusual feminine logic though. Would you not have been wiser to have waited over a boat? Make some inquiries?"

She shook her head. "No, I must make Buffalo to-night."

"Is your loss serious?" he went on gravely. "I mean can you obtain funds to carry you along?"

"Oh yes, I'll be all right when I reach Buffalo." There was just a trace of anxiety in her eyes. He saw it.

"And how were you calculating to get from Lewiston to Buffalo?" He made the inquiry a little cynically as though accustomed to the vagaries of women. At last she was startled.

"Why—why—doesn't this steamer—?" She commenced anxiously.

"No," he responded simply "this boat does not go to Buffalo. You see she cannot climb the Falls, big as she is."

The girl looked angry. "That is very flippant and unkind." She frowned. It made her look older; a little more self-reliant. "But my ticket was to Buffalo."

He threw away the half smoked cigar and took out an old pipe.

"May I?" he pleaded. She nodded absently. He lit the pipe and then spoke:

"Listen, my dear young lady and please do not be offended. This steamer can only get eight miles up the Niagara River. From there you have to go by rail. Your ticket would provide for the whole trip. Unfortunately, my pass will only take you to Lewiston. You are a stranger in a strange land. If you will trust me we'll soon have you safe on your na-

tive soil and speeding homeward." He awaited a reply. She turned impulsively and placed both hands on his.

"I'm under so much obligation now," a little twinkle came into her eye. "Are you really—can you trust me further?" He dropped her hands and recovered his fallen pipe.

"I give in," he laughed. "The problem is too deep. You may be a school girl winning a bet; an unwitwelled girl on a trip; or an unscrupulous woman beating your way."

Her face paled perceptibly. He wondered billy how angry she was.

"You think I—might be a common adventuress?" she inquired in a low voice. He shook his head vigorously. "Certainly not—common."

She looked him calmly in the face. "If I meet your eyes now will you still go away?" she asked naively. "You have been very rude."

He slapped his hand on his thigh. "No, by gosh! I'll solve the problem."

"You said you had given in."

"That is evidence for the Crown," he laughed. "It is too sharp for a school girl."

"The Crown?" puzzled.

"You forget I am a Canadian."

"Oh," she laughed, "that accounts for you being so rude."

"Are Canadians rude?" he inquired in surprise.

"Well, Englishmen are, and that is the same thing, is it not?"

"God forbid!" he prayed devoutly. "Englishmen need to stay at home to be appreciated. But you are wrong. I meant the other problem."

She looked surprised. "Other?"

"How you will get over the Falls."

The big steamer had left the ill-smelling bay far behind and was plowing at magnificent speed almost into the sun. At his last words the girl gazed pensively at a passing vessel. She rested her chin on her hand. "Isn't it ideal?" she murmured softly.

"Little fraud!" He chewed savagely on his pipe-stem; she caught his



eye and he laughed. "Well, we'll not cross the bridge till we reach it."

She did not reply but gazed thoughtfully across the undulating water. A ship's officer in blue and gold strolled by. He looked rapidly from the woman to the man, paused and then sauntered by. Neither spoke for some time. Finally the girl spoke musingly:

"Isn't it a strange state of society that a woman should feel nervous in the presence of a man not vouchsafed for by some responsible person?"

He smiled whimsically. "Or a man should be suspicious of a strange woman."

She gave a gesture of repugnance. "Let us drop all this word play," she cried plaintively. "It seems as though all my life—" She stopped. He regarded her thoughtfully.

"I wonder if that is the real woman—the one who was interrupted?"

She shook her head impatiently. "I don't know. How can men hope to understand women—when we cannot understand ourselves?" There was just the trace of complaint in the voice. He gave his characteristic shrug but remained silent.

"Won't you tell me your name?" she inquired. "You must be a pretty big man to hold a general pass on these steamers."

He smiled grimly. "You won't laugh?"

"At what?" amazed

"At my name."

She laughed merrily. "It must be pretty terrible!"

"It is," he growled. "My name is Machillipeckinac."

"What!" Her eyes were big in wonder.

"It looks worse on paper. I do not carry cards. I would need a sign board. I never married on account of it. It really is not hard to pronounce when you get used to it."

"Neither are clams hard to eat—when one gets used to them."

He smiled. "I'm sorry you don't like clams."

"But I do," she replied quickly. "only I had to become accustomed to

them. You must be a big man with that name and a pass."

He shook his head. "No, my dear lady, I am not big." She had not volunteered her name. "I am to that city back there what your Jerome is to New York—with certain reservations." His tone was regretful. She shivered a little. "Are you cold? Would you like a cup of tea?" Suddenly a blank look swept across his face. "Good Lord, child, have you had any luncheon?" He banged the rail with his fist in self contempt. She looked up a little timidly and shook her head.

"I was going to lunch on board—" She checked herself painfully. Five minutes later they were in the magnificent saloon of the palace steamer.

The big boat was in the river when they reached the dock again. He lit another cigar and she carried a new bloom in her cheeks.

"Come up on the hurricane deck," he suggested. "We can see both shores from there. It's a beautiful trip." So they scrambled up the narrow staircase to the upper deck. Brock's Monument reared itself in the distance; and beyond, seeming to cling about the huge column, hovered the filmy mists of the Falls. One could throw a biscuit ashore in places so close did the big pleasure steamer pass as the deviations of the river demanded. On the right an occasional home displayed the Union Jack; on the left, the picturesque folds of Old Glen. The girl regarded it all rather apathetically. She turned desperately to her companion.

"I owe you for my passage, my luncheon and now there is nothing for it but to call on you for my ticket to Buffalo. I would not dare do all this if I hadn't that awful name of yours on my card and know I can wipe it all off again."

He mused a moment to himself.

"It always looks so beastly to have money exchange hands between men and women," he replied thoughtfully.

"Of course, I intended to see you

thru. I'll go up with you and secure your ticket."

A weary smile came to the girl's face. She faltered a little. "You don't trust me? Well, I guess I cannot blame you much."

He raised a hand in protest. "Please! You know different. I would hand you over the necessary funds, only there are about fifty eyes on me speculating as to your identity." She glanced about nervously. "My life belongs to the public, you see, and," grimly, "they watch me carefully. There are plenty after the job. Besides, tho' I say it but I do not wish you to be insulted as soon as I leave you."

Her head drooped. "I—I was unkind. Forgive me! You think of everything." She swept him a lightning glance. He failed to interpret it then; later, he knew it was pity.

The porter commenced shouting an unintelligible jargon. She looked to him for explanation.

"Your baggage is checked thro'?" he inquired.

She nodded.

"Then you need not bother till you get home."

A strangely melancholy look came to her eyes. She gave her head an impatient shake.

A man in a quiet uniform ambled towards them, casually scrutinizing the passengers. His eyes were sharp and active, his expression lazy and careless. His glance fell on the couple talking by themselves near the pilot house. He crossed the deck and paused. The girl was looking ashore. Her companion looked up and smiled at the officer. The latter bowed and passed on. He indicated the retreating man to the girl.

"His duty is to keep out undesirable citizens," he remarked. She shrugged her shoulders. They were trying up at Lewiston.

Machillipeckinac and his companion laboriously climbed the steps to the station and traversed the incline.

"It is like a hen walk, isn't it?"

said he disgustedly, as they paused at the top to recover breath.

"It's pretty bad," she admitted, breathing heavily. "You seem to be very well known here," she added as a fourth man saluted them.

"Only officially," he answered shortly. "Our malefactors usually drift this direction." He glanced at his watch. "Five o'clock! You will hardly make Buffalo by dark on the International, tho' it's a pity to miss the trip. What do you say?"

"Oh, I want to get home—as soon as possible—please." She faltered and her voice was husky.

Five minutes later she was seated in her carriage. He handed her the ticket wrapp in a bank bill. She looked up at him gratefully, but puzzled.

"You may need it for emergencies." He hesitated a moment. "You'll not entrust me with your name?" he continued, regretfully.

Her eyes met his beseechingly. "Oh, I know how selfish it seems, but—but—you will understand some day."

He bowed with a touch of dignity. "At least you will let me know of your safe arrival?"

She started perceptibly. "Oh, yes—of course! Why, I have all this money to return!"

He sighed softly. A bell rang and the train commenced to move. She extended her hand hurriedly; he pressed it slightly, gently, almost reverently. She looked around; he was gone.

She smiled to herself—a trifle sadly.

Thro the blue haze of tobacco smoke Machillipeckinac eyed the morning mail with cynical disfavor. He knocked the ashes from his pipe with unnecessary violence and slouched down in his desk chair. During a whole week he had scrupulously inspected all mail matter that had entered his office in a constantly waning hope that his confidence in the Unknown had not been misplaced.

"I hate to be humored," he had growled to himself a dozen times a

day; but he knew he was hiding his head in the sand.

He deposited the official documents on the floor with a sweep of his arm and reached for the push button. His eye caught the pale blue envelope lying face down on the carpet, and his arm deflected its course to the floor. He disengaged the dainty envelope from under the flap of the larger one, drew a deeper breath and tore it open.

There were several enclosures that he shoved to one side and then unfolded the letter. After the preamble of conventional thanks the letter continued:

"I refrained from telling you my name because I could not lie to you and my correct name I dared not reveal," He broke off to look eagerly at the signature. The sheet fluttered from his fingers. The pupils of his eyes dilated slightly and he looked vacantly into space for an interval. Then he picked up the letter and continued reading:

"Do not judge me too harshly, my friend. Manlike, you will be angry at my deception, but, after all, I am trying to be honest with you. You have the unique distinction of being the only man who has caused me to feel the degradation of my work. I do not wish you to feel I have any compunction in depriving the Government of a portion of the revenue; but I despise myself when I stoop to use the qualities given me to deceive such men as you in the execution of my duty to the firms for whom I work.

"I recognized you from a newspaper photograph of the instant you came to my assistance. At least, be just in the knowledge that it was quite unpremeditated. I had lost my

ticket, but I had heaps of money, only it was—well perhaps you understand the sex to the extent of appreciating the inference. Anyway, I accomplished my desire and you became my escort. There were several narrow squeaks that would have nailed me but for your presence. My home is the World, my friend. I live at the public expense; probably I shall die so. I do not like to look too far into the future.

"I had nearly twenty thousand of sparklers in my stockings. Of course, that Niagara dodge is rather new. You see, it is a cinch to get them into Canada. The game became exciting when I had to cross the Border. I am taking the liberty of sending you a share on my commission, as well as my personal debt to you. Please accept it. You helped me—and it is not your Government that suffers.

"With sincere regrets that our paths are constantly diverging—and please believe that to be true.

"Most gratefully yours.

"DELLA LAWRENCE."

He dropped the sheet slowly to the desk. "The cleverest little smuggler in the game," he muttered, "and I the scapegoat." He picked up the two orders. "Enough evidence to hang me," he murmured thoughtfully, as he slowly tore them up. "I don't know, but I suppose that will eventually get back to Uncle Sam's coffers." He gave a short laugh. "Well, I'll charge it up to experience."

He sighed heavily as he tore the letter up and rang for his stenographer. The wheels of the law must grind on, even if the cogs do sometimes snarl.



# A Plea for Less Coal

By GEO. ETHELBERG WALSH

From Lippincott's Magazine

EVERY time the fire is shaken and replenished with coal, or the dusty ashes are removed from the grate, a great cry of human discontent arises in the land, and an old protest is recorded anew against one of those "necessary evils" of which there seems to be no end. Why did nature—so perfect and accommodating in most of her beneficent creations—stumble so lamentably in the fuel problem? Could she not have invented some product of land or water that would yield as light and heat without unloading all this dust and soot and smoke and ashes? Even the old-fashioned wood-pile, with its clean, sweet pine logs and hickory sticks, was better than the dirty coal-bin, but, as if grudging us this simple solace, nature shortens the wood supply, so that we are forced back upon the refuse of the carboniferous period. And now is sounded among us the tocsin reminding us that it is our duty to plant trees for the next generation. If somebody had only thought of this earlier, what an amount of clean, spicy wood we might burn in place of the black, sooty coal!

But, to return to nature's shortcoming in not providing us with a suitable and accommodating fuel; it is a question that must be considered in the light of present-day discoveries and transitions. The problem is as ancient as the story of Prometheus and his fire stolen from heaven, receiving the attention of each succeeding generation, but in no two countries is it alike. It

may mean the growth and extension of peat bogs in Ireland, the general supply of dried bones and minnows in Egypt, the probable depth of the coal-seams in Europe and America, and the growing of corn-cobs and grain in the western part of our country. The Eskimo considers the whale and seal fisheries, and counts his fuel problem solved if the one blows and the other bellows on the ice before his hut. The Indians of British Columbia lay up their dried salmon for food and fuel, and give no thought to coal or wood. It is recorded by travelers that on the coast of Scotland the peat-logs are turned into lamps and stoves for heating and illuminating purposes, and in the suggestive words of one, "They burn well and diffuse around a delightfully appetizing odor." In the Black Forest the pine-cones provide fuel for a large population; but the benighted inhabitants of India, Peru, and Asia Minor utilize dried offal and manure for heating and lighting purposes.

We have reached the age of reason now, when old superstitious fears can no longer frighten us. Fortified with scientific truths, we do not cringe before the manifestations of Nature. We know—crafty old dame that she is—that she cannot altogether starve, or freeze, or drown us out. Her most violent moods can be rendered ineffective; we may suffer a little from them, but they cannot universally kill and destroy. Moreover, we know that she is bound to support all the popula-

## BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

tion that care to be born on the globe, and that she has latent forces in her that will add tremendously to our comfort and pleasure. So we do not look the future in the face with dread, and lament the coming of the age when man must starve or freeze to death. People who tell us of the probable failure of the coming crops to support the teeming millions are answered pertinently: "When the time comes, we shall find some new way to increase the food supply." And those who predict a fuel famine in the near future are answered likewise: "When the coal gives out, we shall not need it any more; we shall have other fuel."

England had her spasm of fear years ago. The alarm was spread broadcast throughout the land that the coal mines would probably be exhausted in the near future. Royal commissions were appointed to investigate, and they variously estimated the duration of the coal supply from two hundred to twelve hundred years. Then what?—well, everybody was congratulating everybody else that they were not born two hundred years later. Mother earth is a good place to live on under present conditions; but without coal it might be a little too chilly and uncomfortable for our blood.

But this first fear of a coal famine in England was before the days of modern steam manufacturing—before ten thousand steam-engines began to consume coal at the rate of millions of tons per annum. The sudden expansion of steam-power manufacturing alarmed the people once more. The consumption of coal leaped upward at a tremendous pace—from 27,000,000 tons in 1846 to over 50,000,000 in 1850, to 84,000,000 in 1860, to 113,000,000 in 1870, to 147,000,000 in 1880, and to 200,000,000 gross tons in 1894. In 1905 the coal mined in Great Britain reached the enormous total of nearly 240,000,000 tons. Once more royal commissions investigated the question, and alarmists proclaimed loudly that the coal famine was ap-

proaching. It looked very much as if such a state of affairs was coming to pass. People looked upon a scuttle of coal with more concern; the black, sooty fuel had assumed an importance in their minds never before attained. The conclusion of the discussion was finally announced, and people turned pale at it; the worst seemed to be at hand. At the same ratio of increase in consumption, it was said, the coal would be exhausted in a few centuries. Here was a definite limit placed upon the fuel, which every living person could grasp; it might not interfere with their comfort—for few would live a century—but their descendants would receive an inheritance of coal more limited than our inheritance of wood. It was not a pleasant outlook for the future of manufacturing England.

True, there were coal seams and mines in other countries—in Australia, the United States, South America, Africa, and Russia; but these were not England. Besides, many of these countries were forging rapidly to the front as users of coal. In order to supply the demand for coal in our own country, the output of the mines kept pace with that of England. In 1880 it was over 71,000,000 net tons; in 1890 it had risen to 141,000,000; in 1893 to over 182,000,000, and in 1905 to over 350,000,000. The demand for coal to supply heat and power increased nearly as much in Germany, Belgium, France, Russia, and Austria. The consumption presented the unpleasant aspect of enlarging rapidly all over the civilized world, while the supply remained fixed—a certain definite quantity.

But why is there less concern and less fear about the coal famine to-day than back in the sixties and seventies? England's coal mines have reached a depth of over 3,400 feet already, and the cost of mining will increase proportionately as the fuel is taken from lower seams and strata. Already the expense of mining has reached a point where it pays American shippers to send some of their surplus coal across

the ocean. In the face of such adverse conditions, the wonder is that we hear less fear expressed about the coal famine, especially in manufacturing England, the country that will first feel the pinch.

The reason for this is not far to seek. It is the difference in the teaching of science that has slowly developed among us in the last quarter of a century. It is the optimism of science. We have just learned to take courage at Nature's teachings, and to read her aright. The spirit of the age is to hope and expect more—not less. Nature provides enough for all, if we can only find it. She may be cunning enough to hide it from us for many decades; but, knowing that it is here somewhere, every one takes courage and pursues the search.

Fuel for light, heat, and power! There will be enough for thousands of generations yet to come. The coal mines may become exhausted, but the fuel will be around us in the form of gas, solar heat, or atmospheric changes. The coal epoch is merely preliminary to another grander, cleaner, and more comfortable period of utilizing Nature's stored-up forces of heat, power, and light. For coal, after all, is merely stored-up energy—the surplus power of the carboniferous period, laid down in the bowels of the earth for us to utilize. And even as we are making use of these vast deposits, Nature is wisely secreting new power and energy; it may be in the gases of the air or in the invisible electricity of the earth and clouds, but it is here somewhere. When it is finally unlocked we shall have occasion to laugh at our fears of a coal-famine.

This optimism of science is a superb thing! It gives us courage on the very brink of disaster. No one yet knows the truth of the fuel problem; we have only inklings of it; we see flashes of great discoveries that may revolutionize the future. But so far we are dependent upon the coal mines, and for aught we know it may be centuries before we can discard this dirty, clumsy product of the earth for

making heat, light, and power. There is even the possibility of its being the one essential for the comfort of the human race, and our teachings of science may be all wrong. But so confident has science made us that it would be difficult to convince anybody of it. We have grown too bold to let fears of this nature trouble us. We believe in the future tenacity of the earth; and, hence, instead of worrying about getting enough out of it for the bare necessities of life, we plunge in and demand pleasures and luxuries that never before seemed possible.

It was feared at one time that the rate of coal consumption would soon outgrow the rate of production, and there was talk of curtailing the use of coal in many industries. But the inventor proceeded to make coal-mining machinery which lessened the labor of extracting the raw product from the earth and increased the output tenfold. England to-day bases her hope of extending the period of her profitable coal-mining upon the invention of machinery that will compensate for the added cost of deeper mining. In America coal-mining machinery has doubled and tripled the output. A coal-digger cuts and extracts the coal from its bed as fast as three or four skilled miners could formerly do; it falls automatically upon cars, which swing upward like elevators to the light of day, and deposit their contents into chutes. Down the sooty mass tumbles to the breakers, where it is pounded and broken into sizes suitable for commerce. Thence it slides on to the washery, and comes out at the other end to be dumped on cars. The cars quickly cross the country to some river or bay where canal-boats are waiting. The transference from cars to the boats, and from the boats to the wholesale and retail dealers' coal-yards, is performed automatically. Even when the coal comes into our homes it is shot down chutes into the cellar, and not carried there in buckets and baskets as of old.

And yet for all this simplifying of

labor, this invention of machines to reduce the dust and ashes, nobody likes coal, and we all pray for the time to come when its use may be abolished. It is not a popular article of commerce; it is clumsy and dirty fuel, and in this age of invention and discovery it seems woefully out of date. It is not new machinery to increase the output that we are longing for, but the discovery of some new method of obtaining heat and power.

Over ninety per cent. of the coal that we use goes into smoke and ashes, and less than ten per cent. of its energy is utilized—some say five per cent. At any rate, we are inclined to agree with the figures when we see the smoke rolling up from a factory town, or watch the clouds of dust and ashes that sweep from the basement of our own houses when the wind is at an unfavorable quarter. Surely, so long as we must use coal, something must be done to abate this nuisance. Science has been telling us that much of this waste can be avoided, and that the smoke and dust can be consumed. The waste problem has been attacked seriously and successfully. More perfect combustion has been obtained; improved appliances have been invented for saving and transmitting heat into energy; and machinery has been made that recuperates and utilizes the so-called exhausted energy. These improvements alone are worth millions of dollars to the industrial world, and they reduce the consumption of coal by many millions of tons throughout the world for the performance of a given amount of work.

But the coal dust, the soot, the ashes, the stifling smoke still remain. In part we have solved the problem by steam-heating and electrical plants, which conduct the heat and energy a long distance under the streets of our homes and public buildings. The amount of nuisance has been reduced, and its area restricted. Nevertheless, for the majority of humanity there is coal still to be used, and there are ashes to be taken up, much to the

detriment of our tempers and of the appearance of our home.

All these improvements are encouraging; they point to an amelioration of present fuel nuisances. But we belong to an age that demands magical performances. Nobody is satisfied with these attainments. The optimism of our science leads us to believe that greater things will soon happen. We are bent upon abandoning the dirty coal for some cheaper, cleaner, and more suitable fuel. We believe that Nature gave us the coal mines for a temporary use—merely to carry us over a period when we were learning to harness the tides and the winds, and to unlock the secret of gases. Shall we ever realize that utopian age when a silent, secret agent will enter all our houses and yield us power, heat, and light by the turning of a knob? Very few doubt it. And that agent will not be coal, nor will its power be derived directly or indirectly from coal. When it comes, the vast coal mines will become as useless and valueless as clay pits—more so, for clay will still be made into bricks.

Our optimism should not carry us too far, however; we should halt and consider facts. The time may be far distant when such expectations can be realized. The sources of our power and heat are the same to-day as they always were; but we are gradually learning to utilize them. Water is still the great primitive power; but we change its form and call it electricity. The contraction and expansion of the air were simple problems to the ancients; but we use power, derived from coal, to contract it mightily and call the resultant stored-up energy "compressed air." The winds of the heavens have always played an important part in the commerce of the world, and so eminent an authority as Lord Kelvin predicted that when the coal-fields of England and other parts of Europe were exhausted, large wind engines, driving electrical generators, would be in general use, storing up energy in batteries to be drawn on as needed. We know not what the winds

## A PLEA FOR LESS COAL

may yet yield in the way of power, energy, heat, and light.

Then there is the great eternal, widespread solar heat—a power so great and general that we cannot measure it. Can this energy be collected and distributed as will? Can it be harnessed as we have harnessed Niagara, and be made to labor for us like any animal? This leads us to the consideration of the gases of the air and earth and water—tremendous powers for good or evil, temporarily imprisoned in forms that are rendered harmless and ineffective. Once

loosen them, and they become our friends or enemies.

It is commonly said that animal power for work and locomotion has had its day, and that the horse is soon doomed to disappear, except for pleasure. May we not with equal cogency predict that coal has also nearly had its day as a fuel, and that it will soon disappear from our mechanical and industrial life, leaving our homes brighter, cleaner, and more cheerful, and our cities purer and healthier, by the absence of our present vitiated and gas-befouled atmosphere?

THE Indomitable Man.—Genius is really only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. Many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

*Electrical Review.*

# The Necessity of a Business Training

By

A. S. FORBES

IF THE cheap defence of nations is education, then one of the greatest adjuncts to a young man's or young woman's success in life is training. As business competition grows keener and the struggle for supremacy more fierce with each succeeding generation, the institution or organization which steadily forges to the front and comes out ahead is the one that has the best, most thorough and progressive system. By system is meant foresight, the saving in little things—a plan whereby nothing is allowed to go to waste, where even a cent or fraction of a cent counts and where the output is produced at the lowest possible cost. System includes economy of material, labor and operation—in fact, practically everything pertaining to business. It is a broad, comprehensive term—a sane, cheerful word if it is only viewed in the proper light. What does system stand for? It incorporates all departments of business administration, from the bookkeeping to the banking, from the purchase of the supplies in their raw state to the delivery of the finished article in the hands of the consumer.

Unless they have to, few persons seem to learn system, which may be translated as business. They apparently think that recognized standards may not be necessary or adaptable to their individual cases, that they can create a plan in every way suitable and adequate to meet their own particular needs which, perhaps, are not

extensive. That is the trouble—a false conception of things. One young man says, "I am going in for medicine or law, politics or the civil service, engineering or dentistry, teaching or advertising. I am not embarking in a trade. I do not intend to open a shop, establish a wholesale house, operate a mill, or run a factory. Why should I waste my time and delay matters by securing a business training or education? I know enough to take care of my salary and why should I take up such dry, and to me uninteresting, subjects as bookkeeping, accountancy, banking, commercial and point stock law, business practices and short cuts, stenography, telegraphy, typewriting or penmanship. None of these will in all likelihood ever do me any good. I could not possibly make use of a single subject that you mention in connection with the career or profession which I have outlined for myself."

Thus many a young man, and even young woman, has spoken. The other day the head of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in its line in Canada said, "We are anxious to have agencies in every town and city of the Dominion, and yet many excellent openings go begging, simply because we cannot get the right men to fill them. They may be splendid salesmen and equipped in many ways to assume the work, but they have little or no idea of business methods. In other words, they have not been

able to save any money. I am not preaching personal economy, but my experience teaches me that a young man who has never been able to save some money himself, will, generally speaking, never do it for other people. When a young man applies to me for a position as manager of a branch establishment, one of the first questions that I ask him is, 'How much money have you saved?' If after, say five, or ten years' experience in any line, he answers, 'None whatever,' I do not entertain his proposition. I do not care so much what the amount is, whether it is one hundred dollars or one thousand, if he has only saved something he is going to make more money for himself and also for us. We do not ask him to invest this money in our goods. We simply want to find out what his management of his own affairs has been. If he has put by or profitably invested some money it demonstrates that he has some idea, at least, of responsibility, method, system and business practices."

When in a large clothing house the other day the managing director told me that they would never have made a success of their business if they did not have economy of time, talent and service down to the finest point. He attributed their great success over other firms, not so much to the superiority of their products, perhaps, as to the known, definite, exact methods which they had incorporated in all departments of their enterprise. "There is too much laxity in that little word 'about,'" he added, "You ask one of the heads of an old established firm what it costs them to make and market such an article, and he will say 'about seventeen cents.' Question him about something else—what expenditure it entails; to get out a certain thing and he will answer, 'On the average a little more than seventy-five cents.' Now there is a big loophole in that little word 'about.' It is a lazy term, indicative of either indifference or a lack of positive and definite knowledge. We know the

cost of everything entering into the manufacture of our products down to the smallest fraction of a cent, where we are making the most money and where we are running behind. You often read of a business that has apparently flourished for years, going down. You are surprised some morning when you see in the newspapers that 'Smith & Company', who have been in business for thirty years, have been forced to make an assignment. You marvel at the reason—so do others—and exclaim, 'I thought they were one of the soundest and most progressive houses in their line.' A scrutiny of their methods will, in the great majority of cases, reveal that there was an absence of perfect system, of scientific and exact methods of managing, marketing or collection, of ascertaining manufacturing and selling cost. In some lines there has been a leak going on for years. It may not have been noticeable, but in the end it has worn a hole in the barque and the ship has gone down. In plain language, there has been guessing somewhere. There is a little rodent called 'about,' and it gnaws its way through the whole structure."

My views may be somewhat radical and revolutionary, but I contend that any young man or woman, starting out in life, should have a business education, no matter what sphere he or she may intend entering. They are fortified by reason of such equipment all the more against the day of adversity or misfortune. A sound business training tells every time. Whether a youth is going to be a minister or a mechanic, or a girl, an artist or a housewife, he or she is much better fitted for the duties and responsibilities of everyday life by the possession of a knowledge, even if it be slight, of business, banking and accountancy. I have seen men eminent in letters and surgery who did not know the difference between a negotiable and non-negotiable note, who did not know how to make out a sight draft, obtain a letter of credit, negotiate a loan, or place a deposit in the bank,

and, even when a cheque was made out to order, would have to be told every time that it must be endorsed before they could obtain payment. How many men have shipwrecked an otherwise bright career by not being able to manage their own affairs. The world is lenient toward genius and often excuses incompetency in certain lines, by saying that he or she was no manager or had not the remotest idea of business. Whose fault is it but that of the person himself or herself? We all have a certain relation to business, no matter in what calling or profession we may be engaged. Canada has not a titled nobility or landed aristocracy, and the business of everyone is that of making the best living possible by fair and honest means. All can surely make a better living by a little training and preparation, and, yet it is astonishing the number of able, intelligent and otherwise prudent people all round us who know next to nothing about business. Start them in a store and they could not open a set of books any more than they could a burglar-proof safe without knowing the combination. There are others, who have been conducting establishments of one kind or another, who cannot tell whether they are running ahead or behind. The only awakening they have is when foreclosure proceedings are instituted or some creditor makes a demand for an assignment or winding-up of the concern. All of us have more or less to do with business, whether we are employed in commercial pursuits or not. A good business education helps a man or woman in every way. It makes a mechanic a better manager of his own affairs, it enables a professional man to take a wider and more appreciative outlook of things, and it aids the artist or poet, the painter or the sculptor, to have a larger understanding and grasp of what is going on around him. A knowledge of business, its methods and practices, its system and standards, aids a man or woman in every way in the pur-

chase of a home and ordinary household supplies to the banking of money, the making of loans, the purchase of bonds and stocks or investments in securities and shares.

Nearly every educational institution teaches bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, commercial law and business practices, but, perhaps, a student has not the time or money to attend one of these colleges. To meet just such cases as these, business colleges and correspondence schools have been established. If a student is not able to attend during the day there are night courses where, for several evenings in the week, instruction is imparted by trained and thorough experts for a mere nominal expense, so that the question of "I cannot afford it" cannot be conveniently raised. These schools are ably managed and are eager to do well by those attending them. If the student is earnest and sincere, diligent and anxious to make progress, he or she will be able to get much valuable help and information which cannot fail to assist in the work of qualifying them for higher positions or making them more wide-awake and responsible citizens.

The main thing is to select the right school. How can you find that out? In a variety of ways—by asking the graduates of the course and training; by their record for success and by the reputation which the school enjoys in the community. As a general rule, it is advisable to guard against institutions which make too extravagant promises and hold out hopes and inducements like those advertised in connection with a fire sale or bankrupt stock purchase. Happily, there are few, if any, of these establishments in Canada and the animating principle of all progressively directed and successful business institutes is to give practical instruction and training and to help young people on the high road to business success, equipping them to hold their own in the great world of labor and achievement. These schools fill a gap and supply a present-day need in every much the

## THE NECESSITY OF A BUSINESS TRAINING

same way as public and traveling libraries minister to the general and universally implanted desire to read. They are doing a special work for those who cannot afford to take long courses in other institutions, or who have to pursue their daily calling while striving to fit themselves for something better. Every man or woman cannot own a representative collection of books. Public libraries meet a special want, and so do business and correspondence schools. If you visit a large office in any centre you will find a small army of bookkeepers, accountants, stenographers, typewriters, confidential clerks and heads of departments at work. A census of the staff would show that the greater proportion of those engaged had, at some period or other, attended a business college or institution where they got a start in the right direction. This is the best and strongest testimony to the solid, practical and valuable course these schools are affording. They have fitted thousands to earn a good living for themselves and have educated many others, who possessed few, if any, advantages, in the shortest, most direct and beneficial way of earning their own livelihood or a better one than they did before taking advantage of the instruction imparted. Of course, some

graduates may turn out indifferently. There are faults and flaws in all products, whether in the manufacture, or the finished article itself, in every large establishment, be the output boots or shoes, overcoats, hats, furniture, jewelry or young men and women. But all who will give the necessary time, industry and attention to the purpose in view, are likely to succeed, and the showing made by the great majority is such as to inspire confidence and invite the closest inspection. As results count and practical demonstrations are in evidence on every side, there cannot be any doubt that business colleges and correspondence schools are institutions for which there is great need. There is merit in the courses outlined by them, and they should be given the credit of solving a problem appealing to all more or less,—the necessity and advisability of everyone having an acquaintance with business methods and system and those great underlying principles which govern the success and administration of any undertaking, whether it is a departmental store, a corner grocery, or a factory, the control and management of a house, a home, a block of property or even one's own personal and private affairs.

## Work

**F**OR there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair? Work, never so Mammoneish, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done with itself leads one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

—Thomas Carlyle

## Millions Invested for Fun

By ROBERT SLOSS

From Van Norden's Magazine

**F**ORTY million dollars invested in the business of making Americans think they are having a good time for a nickel or so in summer! Forty millions transmuted mostly into mechanisms to produce care-free laughter! And that does not include the princely sums lost utterly through past failures to please our capricious summer populace. Forty millions represent the net standing investment after some sixteen years of effort to amuse the masses in warm weather. That is a new thing even for the New World.

For generations the Latin races have had their love of carnival and given themselves up to it at stated intervals, as in Venice or our own New Orleans. The local fair, with its rare-shows and more serious exhibits, is nearly as old as the Anglo-Saxons. But it remained for America to evolve an institution wherein the combined spirit of fair and of carnival might gratify the many people at all moments throughout "the good old summer time."

Kenosha Park, established at Danbury, Conn., in 1887, claims the distinction of beginning this development, but the summer amusement park gained its real impetus from the Columbian Exposition of 1893. That was America's first national show since 1876, when the Centennial was conducted with exemplary seriousness in the Quaker City. Chicago's "Midway" woke up the latent American desire for relaxation with some smack

of abandon in it, and keen-witted showmen were quick to seize the opportunity. Since then our expositions have come thick and fast, with varying financial success. But such costly pageantry as was spread to view in Buffalo, St. Louis, Jamestown, and is now repeated in Seattle, but serves to whet a popular appetite, in response to which have sprung up more than 1,500 permanent pleasure parks in the United States and Canada, together with a legion of country fairs, any one of which would surely put a showman of the past generation to the blush.

Into this development has entered also the remarkable growth of our urban and suburban trolley, which now divides the field pretty evenly with private capital in the ownership and operation of amusement parks. Willow Grove, at Philadelphia, is perhaps the most notable of the instances where a traction company can afford to run a resort at a loss, because of the additional fares its existence adds to their summer business. Thus financed in one way or another, the summer amusement industry has come and attracted to it a legion of laborers and corps of managers and inventive geniuses to enable it to "make good" with the public.

When told that this development is new, there are many who will hark back to Coney Island. True, the fame of New York's unique pleasure ground was world-wide long ago, but it, too, has suffered more than a sea change

since 1893, till to-day it best of all exemplifies the rapid rise of the new summer amusement industry. Twenty years ago Coney Island was in the clutches of a band of political crooks, whose attitude was voiced by John Y. McKane's famous utterance, "Injunctions don't go here." Then the Island was a strip of sand, with a few tented side-shows and innumerable pickpockets, confidence men and thugs, who batted on all who ventured within their reach. Now it presents to view our most stupendous investment in the new summer amusement industry, while the value of its leaseable spaces has increased between 1,000 and 2,000 per cent.

Such a development could not have come about unless pioneered by men of peculiar ability, and should Coney Island sink into the sea to-morrow, their names would still be writ large on the historical pages of the popular amusement world of the present, in an immeasurably greater degree than Barnum's was on that of the past. The keen scent of these men for the wind of popular favor, coupled with their ingenuity, inventiveness and "nerve," have made them the geniuses whose magic touch has called into being in a few years the vast modern business of summer amusements. To glance at the careers of but a handful of them is to understand the magnitude to which that business has grown.

Now, as in the past, the business is chiefly concerned with providing rides, sights and sensations that will draw the crowd and cause them to give up their small change. But when we come to analyze the multiplicity of modern devices which fall under one or the other of all of these categories, we begin to appreciate the change that has been wrought.

Our grandmothers can attest the antiquity of the ride.

As little girls they used to watch for the occasional visits of the little merry go-round, with its four wooden horses, drawn from town to town by a horse which furnished the power for its pleasurable motion. Now we

lure our grandmothers up in the Ferris wheel, in the circular swings, and even persuade them to "shoot the chutes," or venture with us and the children on one of the many systems of pleasurable locomotion designed to accommodate the entire family.

These have overshadowed but not superseded the carousel. It remains one of the permanencies of the summer amusement business, even if grandma does shake her head at its modern elaboration even in Coney Island, whose fabulous rents for space do not yet make it unprofitable to operate it there.

It may have been some deep-seated human appeal in the flying horses which enabled George C. Tilyou to adapt them so successfully to "The Steeplechase," another form of ride which has become a classic among summer amusements and made a fortune for its inventor. Tilyou has been at Coney Island since he was three years old, and he has had a most eventful career. During this time he has made and lost several fortunes. In youth he sold souvenirs, drove a hack and dabbled in real estate. He built the first theatre on the island, and ruined himself fighting John Y. McKane. He began again in the real estate business, and with the first \$1,000 he could save he built the first Steeplechase, in 1897, and around it gradually built up the first amusement park in Coney Island. In time he built up similar amusement parks at Rockaway Beach, Bridgeport, Conn., and a pier at Atlantic City, besides installing steeplechases on leasehold at Paris, San Francisco and Chicago. The simple invention has turned the first \$1,000 cost into a fortune of \$5,000,000 for its owner in twelve years.

Thirteen years before Tilyou gave shape to his Steeplechase idea, there was opened in Coney Island a different sort of gravity ride by another man, also new in the amusement business, L. A. Thompson, broken in health from the business management of a knitting factory equipped with

machines of his own invention, had gone to Arizona to recuperate. There the idea of the Switchback Railway came to him. He repaired to Coney Island and put up his first equipment at a cost of \$3,500. The receipts on the first day were \$684, representing the nickels of 13,680 passengers. Soon afterward a company was formed with \$350,000 capital, which has carried the invention into amusement parks throughout America and Europe. From the number of passengers carried per season, averaging 7,000,000 for the roads owned by the company, the profitability of the enterprise may be gathered. A scenic railway costs as low as \$20,000 to install, the most expensive and elaborate one being at Willow Grove, Philadelphia, and costing \$100,000. The scenic railway was another device that "caught on," and its modern elaboration of effects, extended course, block signals, braking and numerous other safety appliances render its construction an engineering feat of no mean magnitude.

The invention of these two early amusement devices successfully combined the sensation with the ride. It was reserved for two other men to lift the "sights" from the level of the catch-penny side-show into marvels of spectacular effect. Elmer S. Dundy was clerk of the United States Court at Omaha when the exposition of 1898 was being planned for that city. He became financially interested with some showmen to establish Midway devices there. Frederic Thompson, an impetuous youth of twenty-four, came to Omaha to get a concession for a show identical with one in which Dundy was interested. Dundy had the "pull" and got the concession, but he was keen enough to see that Thompson had the best development scheme, and offered to pool interests with him. Both men made some money, but Dundy lost most of his in the following hold-over season of the exposition, unwisely opened for a second year. Dundy concluded that as he had lost his money in the amuse-

ment business he must get it back there, and in 1900 he resigned his clerkship in the United States Court and set out to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. There he met Thompson again, and the firm of Thompson & Dundy was formed.

Thompson says he conceived the idea of Luna Park at Buffalo, but the first venture of the new firm was the "Trip to the Moon," which they installed on leased ground in Coney Island and which proved startling enough to the amusement fraternity. Immediately there was a rush among showmen to get in on this new form of summer amusement, and in 1903 Thompson & Dundy opened Luna Park, where a dozen such enterprises were installed as side shows and a free circus and other attractions compensated the visitor for his general admission fee of a dime. But the firm did not do this out of their previous profits. The previous year Thompson had been living on ten dollars a week, but they had the nerve to borrow \$800,000 for the enterprise. On the day the park opened they had just \$22 left to make change with—the last of a million dollars invested. A few days later when there were skeptical rumors that Luna Park was going to go broke, the partners loaded basketfuls of bills and coin on wagons to the amount of \$65,000 and paraded through Coney Island. It was spectacular, but the Island is used to the spectacular and it had the desired effect.

In the hands of such men as these have summer amusements become an industry worthy of the name. Now it has its own trade papers, every issue of which records a score of patents for new devices. Most of these are offered for sale to the successful managers, and most of them are turned down either because the idea is not new or is so elaborate that it would cost more to carry out than could possibly be earned by it. If the inventor has nerve and can get the capital together, he rears space somewhere and either sinks his money

at the beginning of the season or at the end forms a company to manufacture the device for every park that will devote space to it. Such companies usually fail the second season through a failure to estimate wisely the element of change in popular fancy.

For the management of the modern amusement park has become a most exacting pursuit, and the man who is running one has little time to take his eyes off the main chance for immediate profits. He must justify his investment in a season of 72 days, on each of which the attendance between 3 to 8 p.m. tells the tale. A wet season like that of 1907 may automatically reduce park receipts throughout the country from the average normal 35c to 50c per capita per day to the ruinous rate of 15c to 10c. And the park manager knows almost hourly how things are going, for the effort to eliminate the swindling and graft and haphazard methods of the early days, resulting two years ago in the formation of the National Association of Park Managers, has raised the standard of business control and accounting almost to that of a bank.

Nevertheless, the industry remains the most uncertain of speculative endeavors, and an amusement man can never rest on his laurels unless he quits the business. So rapidly of late has the public acquired the taste for spectacle that those who have fed them on it find it necessary to surpass themselves each season. No longer is the summer crowd content to sit in a little theatre and watch a miniature reproduction of the Johnstown Flood or the Galveston Disaster. They want the life-sized reality. They had to dig up the largest pumping apparatus in the world, lying idle since the St. Louis Exposition, but now providing the 62,000 gallons of water that must be released every hour for the sake of realism for one show at Luna Park. Likewise a tre-

mendous double stage and a wireless equipment in charge of Jack Bums is necessary to show a sea collision similar to that of the ill-fated Republic. Across the way in Dreamland the whole Creation and the Fall of Man is shown on a stupendous scale.

Only at Coney Island would such fabulous investments stand even a chance of being profitable. Not even London's Earl's Court can count on the peculiarly amusement-hungry crowd that has ever regarded that little strip of sand as its Mecca. And nowhere else is the temper of an amusement crowd quite the same as at The Island. The success of Tilyon's Steeplechase Park attests that fact in sharp contrast to the elaboration of Luna and Dreamland.

Tilyon's principle has been to provide devices with which the crowd could amuse itself through active participation in the fun. The sensation rather than the spectacle predominates in his huge Pavilion of Fun, where more people can be sheltered under one roof than in London's Crystal Palace. Everywhere apparatus for the playing of harmless practical jokes and for placing all who venture on them in more or less ridiculous situations keep alive a sort of refinement on the spirit of the older Coney Island which Mr. Tilyon has studied so closely.

It is expensive to do even that. A man who rebuilds an amusement park after an uninsured loss by fire of \$1,000,000 and who buys outright the entire electric lighting plant of a large town can scarcely be said to be running under light expense. But he has developed his business with devices that cost comparatively little to operate, and the wisdom of following his own bent is proven by the fact that even during the season, in the middle of which he was entirely burnt out, approximately 3,000,000 people resorted through his amusement park.



# The Delight of Dress

From the Spectator.

THE average woman has found delight in dress from time immemorial. Civilization has done nothing to eradicate this primitive instinct from the feminine heart. To the idle few it is a business; to the busy many it is a hobby. Now and then we hear a woman say that she wishes she never had to think of new clothes and could dress in cast-iron. This, as a rule, is a mere expression of irritation,—she has bought something which disappoints her, or had to go without something she would like. A man whose dinner is not to his taste may say that he would like to live on essences put up in tins, but he does not mean it. But, it may be said, surely this is a sweeping indictment to bring against the vanity of women. On the contrary, we believe that only a very slight proportion of women in any class are vain, though those few make in all classes a great show. Their small minds are concentrated upon themselves, and they will sacrifice anything for personal adornment. They are weary unless they are being admired. Their chief object in life is to pass time, the marks of whose passage constitute their chief dread.

But many emotions besides vanity tend to the love of dress. If we begin at the bottom of the scale, dress is the commonest and most easily recognized mark of social distinction. All respectable people below a certain rank desire that their clothes should adorn not only their persons by their station. A poor woman who makes an effort to dress herself, and her children conspicuously well is making an effort to live up to a high standard.

Of necessity she must think a great deal about the matter. She must work, consider, and plan, and, feminine human nature being what it is, and cheap clothes being what they are, she will not only think of what is suitable, she will sometimes spare a thought for what she imagines is fashionable. Otherwise she would get no pleasure out of her duty in this respect. As much care and thought is not infrequently bestowed upon a young servant's first outfit for service as upon a fashionable tressou. Her mother desires that the little housemaid's Sunday hat should be the shape "that they are wearing," and her skirt of the newest degree of fullness or skimpiess, shortness or length. "I do love to think of Florrie in her new clothes," said a poor woman to the present writer a week after her eldest girl had gone to her first place. The little girls of the poorer classes learn very early to love smart clothes. They connect them so much more directly than richer children with all that is pleasant, with outings and treats and Sunday dinners and the thrill that accompanies a gift. Clothes and sweets are the favorite presents of the poor. They cannot afford to buy toys. Such little girls as grow up to be factory hands certainly keep the love of dress to an unfortunate extent; but the feminine mind cannot content itself with work for its own sake. Women are very industrious, but their natural work is irregular and full of variety. A factory girl's life would be unbearably monotonous but for her pleasures, and perhaps the most innocent of these is dress. Hu-

man nature bids her try to attract her young man—there is no special vanity in that—and the desire to spend a little money on something not altogether useful is only the lowest form of the aspiration which forbids men to live by bread alone.

To a very great number of educated women the thought of dress is a relaxation of mind, and for very many the money they spend upon dress is practically the only money with which they feel free to do as they like; and, after all, that is one of the greatest pleasures money can give. Most women have a good deal of domestic anxiety, and very many are rather short of outside interests. It is no more waste of time to consider a dress than to smoke a cigar, and shopping is often an object for a walk, and always a change of scene. A great many professional women and some hard-worked mothers of families appear to give no thought at all to their attire. It is not that they despise clothes. They are overworked, and have probably no recreations or hobbies. Those rich and idle women who are commonly described as "smart" have, we admit, an inordinate love of dress. We doubt, however, whether they are specially vain in the ordinary sense of the word. The average of looks among such people is very high, and they all dress much alike—Beauty stands out more conspicuously among poorer people.—The "smart" have, of course, a great corporate opinion of themselves. They seem to regard themselves as apart from the world at large. But their delight in dress has more to do with an artificially high standard of comfort—to alter the old saying, a sense that rich people are scarce—than with anything that can actually be called vanity. The word "shibboleth" is the master-word in their vocabulary. They want to live as the world cannot live, to talk as the world cannot talk, to dress as the world cannot dress.

On the whole, we think that pleasure in dress is a good thing, but its consideration is one of those amuse-

ments which, to be profitable, should be enjoyed in person. The present mania for reading about clothes seems to us unnatural, and not a good sign of the time. All the newspapers have fashion articles; even the Times has begun to provide for this new requirement of the public. The next thing will be that telegrams from Paris dressmakers will occupy the stop-press space in the evening newspapers. Who is it that takes pleasure in reading these effusions? Surely it must be the half-educated, and they are as a rule rather poor. Why should they gloat over accounts of the interiors of the dearest Bond street shops and descriptions of "models carefully guarded from cheap plagiarizing eyes?" Why, too, should they want to read about such "reach-me-downs" as they can see every day in Oxford Street, which are described in a penny contemporary in an article signed by a well-known writer on fashion as being of "that superior order of sartorialism that amiably submits to slight alterations," and which the same writer asserts as are "within the purview of an average dress allowance?" Is it a literary taste, or a taste for dress, which is gratified by the reading of the following strange description, also from a signed article in a penny paper?—"A quantity of tastefully disposed black braid ornamenting the coat, which after effecting a bolero movement in the front graduates off into long graceful lines down the back." Surely even to a practised feminine eye accustomed to visualize from a fashion article that picture called up is not clear. Who could go to a shop and ask for such a thing? Do the fancy names for common colors supply simple people with the pleasure derived from puzzles? Why is a light blue called a "persuasive Parma," and why are satin dresses said to be "bait?" Why is a new shop described as a "constructive event?" Who likes this language? The most ardent devotee of dress in practice may well stand agast before the theory.

# British and American Ambassadors

By **SIDNEY BROOKS**

From *The Fortnightly Review*

OF ALL diplomatic posts I have often thought the pleasantest in most ways and the most exacting in some is that of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Whoever holds it gets infinitely nearer to the realities of English life than the representative of any other country. He is treated from the first as a national guest whom it is a delight to honor, rather than as an official emissary. The mayor and corporation of Plymouth or Southampton board his vessel in the bay, and, even before he lands, convince him that the British people have no intention of surrendering him to the Court, Whitehall, and the West End. Nothing, indeed, could well be more significant or of better omen than the semi-official, semi-popular greetings that are extended to each new American Ambassador on his arrival. They are local in form but national in the feeling behind them. They have become, in fact, a custom of British public life, and a custom of which the full meaning is to be found in its singularity. So far as I know, nothing like it exists anywhere else. No Ambassador to this or any other nation is similarly honored. For the representative of a foreign power to be feted on his recall in the capital of the state to which he is accredited is common enough. But for the representative of a foreign power to be hailed with welcoming words at the moment of his arrival, before he has even presented his credentials, before he has given any token either of his

personality or of his diplomatic policy, this is an experience which, alone among the diplomats of the world, is enjoyed by the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. It is intended, I need hardly say, to be precisely what it is—a unique compliment, a distinguishing recognition on our part that Great Britain and the United States stand to one another in a special relationship such as unites no other nations on this earth, and that between them some departure from the merely official attitude is of all things the most natural. It would be against the grain of national instinct if no distinction were to be made between the American and other Ambassadors. Popular opinion separates him at once from his colleagues of the diplomatic corps. He is the only one who reaches the mass of the people. The ordinary Londoner, who could no more tell you the name of the Italian or German Ambassador than a New Yorker could tell you the name of the Lieutenant-Governor of Kansas, would not only answer correctly if you asked him the name of the American Ambassador, but would probably rattle off Mr. Whitelaw Reid's predecessors as far back as James Russell Lowell. He is the only one in whom the people as a whole have any interest. From the day of his arrival he becomes an intimate part of English society, and a still more intimate part of the world of English art and letters and public—by which, of course, I do not mean political—life. Other Ambassadors

may be as lavishly entertained, may be able to show as full an engagement list, may dispense in return an equally brilliant hospitality. But the quality of the welcome extended to them differs altogether from that which greets their American confrere. He alone gets behind the scenes, is shown the best of whatever England has to offer, and becomes at once a public character. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One hears, perhaps, once in a lifetime of the Russian or German Ambassador being asked to lecture before an educational or philosophical society, or invited to a literary dinner. However great their command of English, they still stand outside all but a fraction of the national life. The public knows nothing about them, and does not care to know anything. They are what the American Ambassador never is—they are foreigners, and treated as such. A paragraph in the Court Circular is enough to announce their advent or recall, while their American colleague, on his arrival as well as his departure, receives a full-blown editorial salute from the entire London Press. The one is merely an incident of officialdom; the other is a national event.

The office is a peculiar one in many other ways besides those on which I have already touched. The United States possess some offices in Victoria Street that call themselves an Embassy, but it has no Ambassador's residence. It acts with republican severity on the theory that all work and no sleep, let alone play, makes a good Ambassador. It provides him accordingly with a desk-chair, pens and paper, and the paraphernalia of his official business, but takes no account of his human longing for a bed, or a roof over his head, or anything that might serve him as a temporary home. These are luxuries he is expected to furnish out of his salary, and the fixed and inclusive salary of all American Ambassadors is £3,500 a year. Out of this they have to pay their own house-rent, as

well as all private living expenses. This was never a very satisfactory arrangement, even in the days of the modest scholar-diplomat, of men like Bancroft, Lowell, Motley, and Washington Irving, men, that is to say, of comparatively moderate means, who were appointed and welcomed on the strength of their literary laurels, and from whom nothing in the way of a grand establishment was expected. But standards have altered considerably of late years—partly because all the American Legations in the chief capitals have themselves been promoted to Embassies; and the consequence is that only very wealthy men, who are prepared to pay from £10,000 to £30,000 a year out of their private purse, can afford to accept a first-class Embassy, and to keep up the state that the diplomacy of today insists upon. In one capital you will find an American Ambassador living in a palace, the rent of which exceeds his official salary; and in another you will find him worse housed than the average representative of a Balkan State. One must remember that in the American diplomatic service there is little security of tenure, no regular and recognized system of promotion, and no pensions; and that all appointments are made by the President from men of his own party, and are liable to terminate at a moment's notice when the other side comes in. Diplomacy, in fact, in American eyes is rather a diversion than a career, and many of the highest posts in the service are given to men who have no official training, but who like to round off a successful political, professional, or business career by a new and pleasant experience. This, again, helps to limit the Ambassadorships at the great capitals to men of wealth. Moreover, my impression of the majority of Americans in Europe is that it gratifies them to see their Ambassadors resplendently housed and maintaining a generous social state. They do not want their representative in London to live in West Kensington or in the French or

German equivalents of West Kensington, but on the Park Lane or the Charlton House Terrace of the city to which he is accredited. It gives them, so far as I can judge, a real pleasure to feel that the American Ambassador is more than holding his own in the social game, and that on all occasions of public or semi-public display, and in all the outward embellishments of life, he plays an elegant and conspicuous, and even brilliant, part. If the Americans in Berlin, for instance, had been polled a year ago I do not doubt they would have voted to make Mr. Charlemagne Tower Ambassador for life; and they were probably just as disappointed as the Kaiser himself when Mr. Tower's successor turned out to be a gentleman whose tastes were those of a student and a scholar, and whose resources made it impossible for him to follow in Mr. Tower's footsteps with the same assurance and éclat. In regard to the London Embassy, the case is even more embarrassing. The last three American Ambassadors have all been men of very large private means, which they have spent ungrudgingly in their country's service. They have accustomed both Englishmen and Americans to a certain style and scale of doing things; and the transition from a millionaire to a man of moderate means, whether wholesome or not, would undoubtedly entail a certain amount of social and political inconvenience and unfairness. But that is not the limit of Mr. Taft's embarrassments. There are plenty of men in America who are millionaires, but who have not the social, literary, and intellectual qualifications that we have come to expect as a matter of course from the American Ambassador; and there are plenty of men who are simply endowed with these latter qualifications but who are vexed by the external want of peace. To hit upon the individual who combines both sets of requisites is no easy matter. That Mr. Taft, however, will succeed in discovering him I make no doubt. We always think that no

American Ambassador can be so good as the one who is just leaving us, and we are always proved to be delightfully wrong; and the Americans themselves are justly jealous of the fame of their London Embassy, and have no intention of lowering its unexampled prestige.

I have long held that the kind of man who should represent Great Britain in the United States is the kind of man who for the past two generations has represented the United States in Great Britain. Times have changed since Sir Stratford Canning described the Washington Embassy as very pleasant socially, but not requiring any great talents politically. During the past ten or twelve years the office of British representative at Washington has been in many ways one of the most exacting in the service. I know, indeed, of no post which makes so insistent a demand on the level-headedness and adaptability of its occupants. I say occupants, because in Washington less than in any other capital can the British Ambassador's wife be discoloured from her husband's failure or success. The prestige of the British Embassy will often depend more on her social flexibility than on her husband's merits as a diplomatist. Very few Englishwomen, so far as my observation goes, are happy or popular in the United States, or know how to take Americans, or can help being jarred, and, what is more, showing that they are jarred, by the thousand and one little differences between English and American social standards and ways of doing things. The wife of the British Ambassador has to accommodate herself to a social environment that is all the more difficult to gauge because of its similarity in general outline and its dissimilarity in detail to what she is used to at home or in the capitals of Europe. It asks a very high degree of tact and self-control sometimes to accept persons and things as they come without comment or surprise, and to recognize that what would be counted easy-go-

ingness or courtesy in London may in Washington be merely a novel token of friendliness and interest. A British Ambassador's wife in the American capital has always to bear in mind that in matters of social usage the English and Americans, while aiming at the same mark and meaning essentially the same thing, often behave and express themselves in opposite senses. Not every British Ambassador at Washington has had a wife who possessed these qualities of perception; and more than one hostess at the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue has passed her time, like Lady Harbarnia in Mr. Henry James's incomparable tale, in a state of hopeless alienation from, and misunderstanding of, her new surroundings. When this is the case the result is retroactively disastrous because Washington resembles nothing so much as a whispering gallery; its society is small, exceedingly intimate, and enjoys a highly specialised code of etiquette that is all its own, and a mistake, especially a mistake on the part of the British Ambassador's wife, becomes public property at once. I count it emphatically not the least of Mr. Bryce's qualifications for his post, and not the least among the causes of his unequalled success in it, that a mastery of all these social nuances and minutiae is with Mrs. Bryce a matter of instinct. To a bright and keen intelligence and a fund of real humor she unites a thorough knowledge of American life and of the American people, a disposition that has inherited more than a touch of American vivacity, and a sure command of all the arts of social success.

But if the conditions thus impose on the wife of the British Ambassador an unusual degree of diplomatic wariness, the Ambassador himself has to be doubly on his guard. For one thing, he finds the duties of his office carried on in a glare of publicity that in Europe is not only unknown but unimaginable. For another, there is always a party in the United States anxious to score a point against Great

Britain, and there are always votes to be won—though not many, happily, in these days—by an anti-British campaign. Our Ambassador, therefore, has to practise in the sphere of politics the same tactfulness and discretion demanded from his wife in the sphere of society. He must be ever ready to make allowances; he must constantly remember that America is the exception; he must know what to discount. This is a kind of knowledge—like the not less essential knowledge of all the intricacies of the American system of government—that can hardly ever be gained by instinct or picked up by a few months' study. It is the sort of knowledge that only a man with a prolonged and intimate acquaintance with the United States is likely to possess, and that the official type of British diplomatist, patchworked into Washington from one of the capitals of Europe, is not only most certain to lack but to be unable to acquire. But what, above all, is necessary is that the British Ambassador should have the instinct for taking the Americans in the right way. If he has that he has the one thing needful. If, on the other hand, he confirms the average American's worst suspicions of British angularity and reserve, if he seems stiff and self-contained and unable to let himself go, if he has not a natural sympathy with the American people and with the spirit of their social life, his abilities are as good as wasted. But a man who can take the Americans as Lord Grey is taking the Canadians may be very sure that the term of his Ambassadorship at Washington will pass pleasantly for himself and profitably for his country. It is because I have believed men of this stamp and flexibility to be more easily come by outside the official service than in it—Lord Dufferin does not grow on every diplomatic tree—and because I have felt that the British Ambassador in Washington should stand out among his colleagues, should be distinguished by attachments other than diplomatic, should be qualified to mingle in Ameri-

can public life, and should be a man whom Americans would honor without reference to his official position, that I have long argued in favor of filling the Washington Embassy from outside the ranks of the professional service.

The experiment has been twice tried and has twice succeeded. Sir Julian Pauncefote went to Washington without any previous training in diplomacy, and by the sheer frankness, honesty, and manliness of his bearing won down that all too flattering suspiciousness of British diplomacy that fifteen years ago was an American obsession. Mr. Bryce in the last two and a half years has done even better. Indeed, Mr. Bryce appeals to my judgement as the perfection of the type of man who should always represent us in Washington. The appointment, as every one who knew both Mr. Bryce and America foretold, has proved an ideal one. He sailed for New York, of course, with many advantages in his favor that none of his successors is ever likely to possess. He was not only known to Americans but more intimately known and more highly thought of than any other Briton. For twenty years at least no one on this side of the Atlantic has had one-half of Mr. Bryce's influence on American opinion.

I cannot better summarize Mr. Bryce's achievements as Ambassador than by saying he has adapted to American conditions the example set by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Hay, Mr. Choate, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid in England. The past two and a half years have been a continuous record of political and social success. Mr. Bryce has negotiated and carried through some six or seven important treaties. He

has practically wiped the slate clean of every contentious issue. More than that, he has won the confidence of Canada and Newfoundland. He is the first British Ambassador at Washington who has visited Ottawa during his term of office. He is the first who has secured for Canada a recognized status in the conduct of Anglo-American diplomacy. He is the first, in short, who has done something tangible towards disabusing the Canadian mind of the notion that the British Embassy at Washington exists to cultivate American goodwill at the expense of Canadian interests. But, above and beyond all this, Mr. Bryce has broken all precedents by declining to confine himself to the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue and his official summer residence in Massachusetts. He has made a point of seeing something of the country and its people. He has established himself as an intimate part of the world of American letters and of the yet larger world of public endeavor. He has delivered addresses at meetings, congresses, and universities. He has attended political conventions; he has received honorary degrees. He has openly shown his passionate interest in all that touches on American life. For the first time the British Ambassador in Washington occupies a position analogous to that of the American Ambassador in London. He is at last a distinctive figure; he has ceased to be a mere name to the masses; he is marked out from his colleagues in the diplomatic corps in ways and to a degree that represent and correspond with the special relationship that exists between the two main branches of the English-speaking peoples.

**T**HE moving finger writes, and having writ  
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit  
Can lure it back to cancel half a line;  
Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it.

—The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam



#### Architecture and Arts.

Pettery at Newcastle-Under-Lyme. Gerald Goodwin-Commodore.  
American Artwork Shows Vital Work Shows the Inspiration of Native Subjects-The Craftsman.  
The Arts and Crafts Movement in America. Ernest A. Rothermel-The Craftsman.  
The Story of Dutch Painting. Charles H. Seligman-BA. New York.  
A Harvest of Vase-like Pictures-Sheridan Lill. Meetings of a Professional Painter. Charlotte Friesen-Atlantic Monthly.  
An Alliance of Architecture and Sculpture-Gutlook.

#### Army and Navy.

The Aerial Battleship-McClure's Magazine.  
Training for the British Navy. Alexander Irvine-World's Work.  
The New Army School of Horsemen. Major T. Bentley Mott, U.S.A.-Rider's.  
The Balance of Naval Power and the Triple Alliance. Archibald S. Hard-Living Age (July 15).  
How Rhinoceros Make Money. John R. Cawthron-Magazine.  
A Canadian Navy-World To-Day.  
Towards an Imperial Fleet: A Suggestion-Fortnightly Review (July).  
Greatest Fleet Needs no Sailors. Lee G. Shaw-Technical World.

#### Business and Industry.

The First Professional Stocks Maker. James Ross-Financier's Magazine.

The Stockholder's Duty. A. C. Marshall-American Industries.  
Mechanical Drawing as Allied to Industrial Trades. Sidney Dammert, E.E. Stone. Eng.-American Industries.  
The Policy of the House. James H. Collins-Saturday Evening Post (July 11).  
Courtney as a Business Asset. Richard A. Hunt-Advertising and Selling.  
Japanese Precepts of Business-System (July).  
The Battlefields of Business-System (July).  
An Error-Saving Claim Ledger. J. M. Cobb-System.  
Stock Records that Save Inventory. Alfred Terrell-System.  
The Modern Commercial Traveler. Forrest Crisp-Bryer's.  
Business Builders. Glenwood S. Bush-Business Philosopher.  
Advertising as a Selling Force. W. B. Woodward-Business Philosopher.  
Little Journeys to the Doors of Successful Business Men-Business World.  
Hot Weather Business Records-Business World.  
State Supervision Over Accounting-Journal of Accountancy.  
Reimbursement and Accountability. Charles E. Springer-Journal of Accountancy.

#### Children.

The Biography of a Boy. Josephine Seaton Bence-Harper's Bazar.  
Inventive Genius Applied to the Savings of Boys. L. B. Trowbridge-Business Philosopher.

## Education and School Affairs.

Educational Media for the Papal Mary E. Woolley—*Harper's Bazar*.  
Co-Stations at Close Range Charles Johnson—*Harper's Weekly* (July 14).  
A Classical Education in America, Homer Ed. Watson—*Atlantic Monthly*.  
Education for the Masses W. A. Macdonald—*Business Philosopher*.  
Chinese Students in American Schools. Edmund Kirk Titton—*World To-Day*.  
"Schools" and "The Gringos." Max Beer—*Saturday Review*.

## Essays and General Literature.

The Road to Optimism R. S. Morley—*Harper's Magazine*.  
Across the Bridge Table. Author Lorin Brown—*Atlantic*.  
The Impassioned Note in Criticism. Alex. Delam—*Competition*.  
"The Rights of Men"—Blackwood's Magazine (July).  
The Geography of Criticism—Blackwood's Magazine (July).  
The Creed for the Colonist. Rev. G. A. Johnston, M.A.—*Young Men*.  
The Real Australia W. H. Rieu—*Long Hand*.

## Fiction.

Her Treasures Elizabeth M. Gilmer—*Competition*.  
The Cult and the Cuckooed Dorothy Canfield—*Lippincott's*.  
Between Yesterday and To-morrow, George Wetherall—*Rail-Rapporteur's*.  
Annals of the Marston H. Phillips—*Openheim*—*Gleaner*.  
The O'Rourke, Frank H. Sweet—*Sign England Magazine*.  
Rosa's Masterpiece. Harriet Prescott Spofford—*Harper's Bazar*.  
Twisted King George Barr McCulloch—*Atlantic*.  
Stradella (A Serial Story). F. Marion Crawford—*Delacorte*.  
The Dugan Mark Robert W. Chambers—*Saturday Evening Post* (July 12).  
A Cuckooed. Constance Edith Wren—*McClure's Magazine*.  
Three Thomas Marguerite Vey—*Red Book*.  
"Bosman" and "Kee" Kate Douglas Wiggin—*Woman's Home Companion*.  
And a Little "Wild Anne Warner—*Woman's Home Companion*.  
Honora Shepher High Robert Carleton Brown—*Argosy*.  
Crusade of Culture Miza Kello—*Hampton's Magazine*.  
Hedges—A Man a Christian. Norman Parsons—*Harper's Magazine*.  
Bentonsburg. Muriel Campbell—*Evening-Harper's Magazine*.  
The Little Stonecrafter's Creed Jane Deland—*World-Pittenger*.

Curly W. J. Hopkins—*Atlantic Monthly*.  
The Lady of the Manor Katherine Tynan—*Cavalier* (July).  
The Wreath at Polkstone. F. G. Abilio—*Chambers's Journal*.  
The Cash Intrigue—The Iron Empire. G. R. Chester—*Competition*.  
Agatha's Secret. Eleanor Gates—*Competition*.

## For the Workers.

A Girl's Chances for Work in New York. Annette Austin-Smith's Magazine.  
Make Your Personality Count. Luther D. Farwell—*Business Philosopher*.  
What Our Girl Did. N. R. Meyer—*Business Philosopher*.  
The Value of Early Rising—*Young Men* (July).

## Health and Hygiene.

The Every Day Things One Does that Shorten Life. Harrison L. Beech—*Pittenger's Magazine*.  
New Methods of Fresh Recreation—*Harper's Bazar*.  
Skin and Air as Hygienists Made Home—*Harper's Bazar*.  
Ringside as a Remedy. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps—*Harper's Bazar*.  
The Real Yellow Dirt. Woods Hutchinson, M.D.—*Saturday Evening Post*.  
Good Chances as a Remedy. Billy R. Van—*Green Book*.  
Colleges of United States and the "Yewpings" Against Tuberculosis. Professor W. H. Harrison—*Western* (July 1).  
The Segues of Underlying. Woods Hutchinson, M.D.—*Competition*.

## House, Garden and Farm.

Grass Culture in France. Joseph Borer—*American House and Garden*.  
A Pretty Kitchen Garden—*American House and Garden*.  
Making Money From Our Flowers. Carl Parry—*Garden Magazine*.  
How the English Cultivate Markets. M. D. Macdonald—*Garden Magazine*.  
Orbits of the Larger Flowered Clematis W. E. Pennington—*Garden Magazine*.  
Early Work in the Greenhouse H. H. Berry—*Suburban Life*.  
Living Well From Twenty Acres. H. C. Winsor—*Suburban Life*.  
A Summer House of a Housewife. George F. Fowell—*Country Life in America*.  
Rare Subscribers Types of Burglars—*Country Life in America*.  
Modern Planting on an Eighteenth Century Estate. Alden Pease—*Country Life in America*.  
One Hundred Dollars as Atonement From Custer. Bruce Harry H. Dany—*Probation Magazine*.

## Investment, Speculation and Finance.

The Industrial Road as an Investment J. B. Stanton—*Pittenger's Magazine*.  
Foreign Investments of the Yutons. Charles F. Stearns—*North American Review*.  
The Tax on Savings—*North American Review*.  
The Public Control of the River—*World's Work*.  
Roads Secured by National Resources—*Saturday Evening Post* (July 11).  
The Productivity of Capital Invested in Banking. H. M. P. Schmidt. Moody's "Analysis." News of the Mining and Metal Markets—*World's Magazine*.  
The Depreciation of Gold. Franklin Fisher—*Moody's Magazine*.  
Chronicles of the Money Fever—*Madness World*.

## Life Stories and Character Sketches.

J. P. Dillier, Word Master. Elmore Gordon—*Pittenger's Magazine*.  
Stories of the Lives of Real Teachers W. H. Maxwell—*World's Work*.  
Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain—*Blackwood's Magazine* (July).  
Maurice Van Buren. Episcopal Montgomery Hall—*Harper's Magazine*.  
George Meredith. Annie Kimball—*Forti-Atlantic Monthly*.  
A Great Candidate Cause—*Young Men*.  
Professor George Albert Cox of America. J. Williams—*Western*—*Young Men*.  
Alphonse Charles Schuyler. Bertie Stevens—*Long Hand*.  
Longfellow the Chisler and Post—*Outlook Magazine*.

## Miscellaneous.

The Story of an Alcohol System—*McClure's Magazine*.  
Studying the Animal Mind in Laboratories. R. V. Weast—*McClure's*.  
Stories of a Famous London Deaving Becomes—*McClure's Magazine*.  
Hypnotism. Forbes Winslow, M.B., L.L.D.—*London Magazine* (July).  
The Future of Eden Phillips W. D. Howells—*North American Review*.  
The Re-Division of California. Edgar French—*World's Work*.  
American Pageants and Their Promises. Percy Mackaye—*Saturday*.  
Seasonal Journalism. Edward H. Cooper—*Living Age* (July 11).  
The Economy of Fire Proofing Our Homes. George Hatcher—*Wash-Moody's Magazine*.  
The Perils of Gerbil Hatching—*Chambers's Journal*.  
Earthquakes From a Japanese Point of View. Lady Lawson—*Wide World Magazine*.  
Vlay Seavage of the World. Henry M. Hyde—*Technical World*.

## Municipal and Local Government.

Vardare for the City Streets—*The Commonwealth*.  
The Taxes We Pay for Bad Roads. Agnes G. Lamb—*Collier's* (July 11).

The Police Situation in New York—*Outlook* (July 11).  
New York City's Rejection of Accidents. H. D. Fowle—*Journal of Accountancy*.  
Municipal Government. Charles W. Elton—*New England Magazine*.  
The Transformation of Russia's North End. May Henry Hall—*New England Magazine*.

## Nature and Outdoor Life.

The Friendly Citizens of Chapparrille. J. Alden Leach—*Collier's* (July 11).  
Triumph of Bird Protection. Herbert S. Job—*Harper's Magazine*.  
The Great Bird Wars of Bird Life. D. Lange—*Atlantic Monthly*.

## Political and Commercial.

The Sugar Trust and Its Penetration. Nival—*Outlook* (July 26).  
British Imperialism—*The Outlook* (July 18).  
The Situation in America and Constantinople—*World To-Day* (July).  
Peace Questions and British Policy. A. Latour. From Vienna. H. C. Long—*Fortnightly Review*.  
Indian Industrial Development—*Atlantic Quarterly* Review.  
Probabilities of the Outlook to Real Reform. Rev. Wm. A. Watson—*Pittenger's Magazine*.  
The Trade and Traffic Connections. John Kirby—*American Industries*.  
The Labor Party in Great Britain. Percy G. Martin—*American Industries*.  
The Daily Emergency. Charles in Europe—*London Magazine* (July).  
British Farmers and the Fiscal Question. William H. Bear—*North American Review*.  
The Law of Animal Navigation. Lottie Fox—*North American Review*.  
A Permanent Thrift. Willard French—*North American Review*.  
A Country. Best Finance—*Italy—World's Work*.  
A Country Ready for Capital. C. M. Kaye—*World's Work*.  
The Future of Western Canada—*World's Work*.  
Ten Years of Progress in Alaska. Walter E. Clark—*World's Work*.  
A New Way Out of an Old Trouble. A. Bertram Green—*Collier's* (July 11).  
The Events that will Control All Other Events. John L. Mathews—*Hampton's Magazine*.  
The Negro in Politics. Harle Dakota—*Hampton's Magazine*.  
Wanted. An American Merchant Marine—*Atlantic Monthly*.  
French Conservatism. Alvan F. Searns—*Atlantic Monthly*.  
The German War of Making Better Cities. Sylvester Butler—*Atlantic Monthly*.  
Synopsis of the Tariff Debate—*National Magazine* (July).  
The Control of Corporations—*Outlook*.

### Railroad and Transportation.

Railroad Development—Overland Monthly.  
The Railroads of Mexico—Kansas Magazine.  
What's Talked—Meady's Magazine (July).  
The Railways of Europe—The German System—Meady's Magazine (July).

### Religion.

The Modern Answer to Christianity—James Crockett—Pearson's Magazine.  
Saving Money for America—Mabel Potter Sykes—Baltimore.  
Christianity in the Crucible—Harold Bolles—Cosmopolitan.  
The Church and Social Movements—Hayes Robinson—Atlantic Monthly.  
The Emancipated Movement—F. R. Higgins—Putnam's Magazine.  
Religious Education on the Pacific Coast—World To-Day.  
Christianity in the Crucible—Harold Bolles—Cosmopolitan.  
Religious Life and Thought in Germany To-Day.—Hilbert Journal.  
A New Development in Old Testament Criticism.—Professor B. D. Erdmann—Hilbert Journal.

### Science and Invention.

Power: Wizard of Development. Clayton W. Jones—Pacific Monthly.  
Ours as a Motor. Joe Mitchell Chapelle—National Magazine.  
Communication of Industries Electric Motors. J. W. Rogers—Cassidy's (July).  
Recent Development in Large Gas-Engine Design—Percy R. Allen—Cassidy's.  
Wired Fests of Wireless Fielding Drake—Technical World.  
New Process for Cutting Iron and Steel. J. D. Van Rensselaer—Technical World Magazine.  
Remarkable Signalling Berlin. C. H. Claudy—Technical World.  
Remarkable New Welding Process. Darwin S. Hatch—Technical World.

### Sports and Pastimes.

Camping For Rest and Recreation—Harper's Weekly.  
Pleasure and Country Prolog. Florence Howe Hall—Harper's Weekly.  
The Record of a Channel Swim. Adolphe Abraham—Baltimore.  
Famous Polo Players and their Best Games—Arthur W. Coates—Baltimore.  
What Goes On in a Yacht Race. Charles Evans—Baltimore.  
Outfitting for a Youngster Trip. L. D. Sherman—Baltimore.  
Hunting "Big Game" at Home. William Frost Aldrich—Baltimore.  
The Literary of American Camping Life. Grace Colburn Bates—Baltimore.

With the Athletes in the Provinces by the Sea—Milton Brown—Red and Green.  
Horsebacks and Trailing. Richard Chapman—Red and Green.  
Swimming off Cape Cod. Frederick Booth—St. Nicholas.  
Fresh Water Motor Boating. T. H. Perkins—Country Life in America.  
Catching a Large Bass From Lake Winnepegaukee—New England Magazine.

### The Stage.

"Parafid": The Grand Opera of a Fool. Robert Hughes—Smith's.  
Theatrical Performances in Barnet. Franklin—Overland Monthly (July).  
Children on the Stage. Kate Leslie—Cosmopolitan.  
Manager vs. Critic. Paul Armstrong—Everybody's Magazine.  
Familiarity of the Hippodrome—World To-Day.  
Killing Two Flies—World To-Day.  
Marlow and Southern Joint Stars—World To-Day.  
An American Opera for Berlin—Literary Digest (July 10).  
The Modern Stage Decadent. Mitha Cooke—New England Magazine.

### Travel and Description.

The Observer of the Pacific: A Fortified Volcano—World To-Day (July).  
An Englishman's Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina—Bible World Magazine.  
From Mecca to Traduk. Olive D. Campbell—New England Magazine.  
A New England Village. Lydia J. Dale—New England Magazine.  
The Race of New England. Chas. M. Rowland—New England Magazine.  
A Whimsical Paradise. Arthur J. Sherman—New England Magazine.  
Famous Seaside Resorts Around the World. A. H. Ford—Travel Magazine.  
Motoring to the Water Gap. Clarence O. Sachs—Travel Magazine.  
Severly, the Summer Capital. Belle M. Walker—Travel Magazine.  
The Remains of the World's Great Cities: The Ganges, Plata, Arah, Sicile—Travel Magazine.  
Lake George and Its Associations. M. C. Walsh—Travel Magazine.  
In the Land of Savages and Savages. Charles W. Perkins—Harper's.  
A Queer Kind of Sea Travel. W. J. Aylerand—Harper's Magazine.  
Tracking Critics to Travel Alexander Home—Ford—Harper's Weekly.  
Over the Old Cooke City Trail. Ralph M. Clark—Recreation.  
A Tourist's Paradise. Pierre N. Berings—Overland Monthly (July).  
On the Rockies' Western Slope. Leta Hargrave—Collier's (July 10).

### Women and the Home.

Decorations for the Summer Cottage. Hedwig von Lohse—Harper's House.  
Catering for a Large Family. Jean Gahoon—Harper's House.  
Problems in Home Furnishing. Alice M. Kellogg—American Homes and Gardens.  
Swimming as a Sport for Women. Annette Kalbourn—Baltimore.  
The French Dress Among Women. Gertrude Adelman—Baltimore.  
The Summer Treatment of Furber and Purgess. Kate Criswell Locke—Baltimore.  
What Eight Million Women Want. Elva Childs—Harper's Magazine.  
The Arrangement of the Ideal Dining Room. R. Stanley Milton—Western Ho.  
The Legal Rights of Turkish Women—Outlook.

A Manual craft that implies no thought or ingenuity stands very low. A man who simply shovels, exercising neither skill nor intelligence, who does mere muscle-work, is at the bottom of the scale. A man that thinks how to shovel goes higher in proportion to the thought which he adds to the physical exertion.

—Henry Ward Beecher



### New Elapsed Time Recorder.

FOR years there has been a demand for a machine that would accurately compute and print in plain figures the elapsed time on different jobs. Until now no such machine has been available. After four years of exper-

imentation on one line, there can be no doubt about the accuracy of the result as it is so chemically impossible for the machine to err. Now it is possible to place the card in the machine so that an incorrect result is obtained.

The device is operated electrically, the impulses being furnished by a master clock. This may be located anywhere in the building, in the break in the office, as it will be controlled by vibration and dust. This clock controls the machine and sends all through the building to the various clock units. Through all the machines are exactly the same time and cards may be registered in one machine and out on any other and correct results obtained.

The mechanism is about 8 inches square and may be placed on a work bench, on a pedestal or it may be sunk flush with the top of the bench or desk. The box covers has two openings or slots for the insertion of the cards. One opening is marked "in" for the time record of a job, the other "out" for registering when the job is completed. There is also an aperture in the cover through which may be seen a series of following wheels showing exactly the time of day. There is only one handle to be operated and, therefore, no confusion can occur in the mind of the operator as to which handle to pull.

The cards used in the machine are of a very light weight but are only 1/2 of an inch wide, 4 1/2 inches in length. In registering in the card is placed in the front an opening slot and the lever pulled out. This prints the starting time at the top of the card in the space to the left. At the same time four small holes are punched in the card which individualize the record. After a job is completed the card is placed in the rear or stopping slot, the lever pulled over once more and the stopping time and correct elapsed time are both printed on the card by one pull



International Elapsed Time Recorder.

iments and actual working tests the International Time Recording Company of 25 Allen St., Toronto, have completed a machine which will do this work.

This machine is designed specially for cost purposes. It prints the starting time, the stop-

IN	OUT	Elapsed Time
AM 7 56	PM 3 11	8 15
Job Order No. 17632		
Operator <i>Madling</i>		
Order No. 301 C		
Lot No. 6		
No. of Pieces 50		
Employee No. 273		
Date Feb 21-23		
Time 6 hrs. 15 mins.		
Rate 204		
Cost 125		

Facsimile of Record Card made by new Elapsed Time Recorder. First registration in left shows starting time, second registration stopping time. Note in right is shown the elapsed time.

of the handle, then reaching across to compare the two records and prove the accuracy of the machine for every record.

One of the salient features connected with this device is its ability to compute only the actual time worked in the factory irrespective of the times of registration. That is to say, in a factory working ten hours a day from seven to twelve and due to the elapsed time will only be compensated during these hours. Any registrations made before seven o'clock will not begin to count elapsed time until that hour, and the computation of elapsed time automatically stops at noon to be resumed at exactly one o'clock and then continues until quitting time at night, when again it stops automatically. The clock movement, however, does not stop, but always shows the correct time exactly the same as the master clock and is entirely unaffected by the elimination of the non-working hours in figuring the elapsed time. The machine can also be set to record overtime at night if so desired.

In case work on a given job is not completed on the day it is begun, it is not necessary to rig out on the elapsed time machine until the job is completed as the machine computes up to 300 hours. A job beginning on Monday and running through the week until Saturday night, when it is finished, may be registered on one card, or even for a longer period up to 300 hours.

On the International Elapsed Time Machine the registrations may be made as soon as the workman is ready to go to work, irrespective of the actual starting time, and, therefore, no time is lost by the workman waiting for a chance to rig in, but the elapsed time will

only be figured from the hours when the man should actually begin work. For example—a workman might register on his job sheet at ten minutes to seven o'clock, but the elapsed time would only be calculated from seven o'clock, the actual time of beginning work.

The machines are wired in multiple and any number of machines may be operated by one master clock. Machines may be added or removed from the circuit without interfering with the working of the other machines.

The value of this machine to any manufacturing business is at once apparent. The red tape surrounding the cost department is done away with. There are no deductions to be made from the elapsed time as indicated on the job cards. Nothing remains to be done but to put the time to the proper order sheet and compute the amount earned. The data thus obtained is absolutely accurate. No chance for any of the ordinary mistakes. The work in the cost department is so largely reduced that the services of cheap clerks who usually make the expensive mistakes are dispensed with.

### Envelope Stamping Machine.

A little device being placed on the market by the Brunswick, Ludlow Co., 28 Liberty St., New York City, weighing but one pound and a half, and about 4 1/2 in., takes a roll of five hundred stamps placed in the magazine and stamps them one by one on envelopes by action



Envelope Stamping Machine.

of the handle rotating from the knee plunger through an apparatus underneath in a small tank containing water, with a wick about the length of a stamp (4 or 5 mm wide). All the operator has to do is to push down the machine on the envelope and a stamp is affixed, the writing, cutting off, and affixing being done with one pressure of the hand. This unique appliance saves the inconvenience of having to take off stamps singly, and enables them either

by tongue or sponge, and it is claimed that stamps can be placed on wall ten times faster than by hand.

Upon these machines being submitted to the postal authorities, at Washington, the Government immediately authorized the issue of stamps in rolls of five hundred, so that business firms would be able to make use of the device. Negotiations are now on with the postal authorities at Ottawa, to have them do as the United States Government have done. The advent of this machine will entirely depend upon the Canadian Government putting up their stamps in rolls the same as the United States Government are now doing.

### Capturing the Market.

At the beginning of the year, the Wales Visible Adding machine was put on the Canadian market and, as anticipated, has met with marked success. This machine is simple and convenient, and to demonstrate their

confidence in it the manufacturers offer to place the convenient appliance in any office on 30 days' trial. If it does not prove satisfactory, one may send it back at the expense of the firm and no question will be asked. During the period when it is on trial any other machine can be used and compared with it. The Wales possesses eleven exclusive features which save lots of time and trouble. Among them may be mentioned perfectly visible printing, visible totals, flexible keyboard, volume space bar, automatic clear signal, adjustment for a carbon copy, bell signal and drum counter, slide-adding keys, and several others. It is claimed that the Wales is the only machine which upon the pressure of one small key, will add without lifting, and upon pressing another key will lift without adding. The Wales is now in almost every country of the globe. Mr. E. Avery, late managing director for the Morris Adding Machine Co., in England, has recently taken up the agency for the Wales Adding Machine Co., in Belgium, with headquarters at Rue Place Royal, Place Stephane, Brussels.

MADE TO  
EAT —  
NOT TO  
KEEP

*Wagler's*

WORLD  
FAMED  
CANINES

A man is known by the candy he sends  
Of course its *Wagler's* she wants

Knows the world over for its Purity, Quality and Flavor  
Don't forget our Ice Cream Sundaes and other delectable delights  
which await our guests. Our confection made to the perfection.

*Wagler's* 130-132 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

### A NON-SURGICAL NATURE CURE PROCESS

An Explanatory Work, 400 pages,  
revised edition. Free to residents  
of Quebec Province and the Ontario  
Counties, Starnmont, Russell, Pres-  
cott, Glengarry. Information at  
Office gratis, 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

MONTREAL VIAN CO., 97 Drummond St., MONTREAL



A little more patience, a little more charity for all,  
a little more devotion, a little more love: with  
less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of  
pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the  
future with more faith in our fellows and the race will  
ripen for a great burst of light and life.

—*Fra Elbertus*

## Opinions of Mary

BY

Alice Ashworth Townley

Cloth \$1.25

Here is a book to drive away the blues and  
make you feel happy and satisfied with  
things in general. "The publisher intro-  
duces to the public on this charming volume  
a new writer who has the gift of humor as  
an unusual degree along with a deep insight  
into the foibles and follies of human nature."

### A Great Book for the Summer Vacation

If you want to enjoy a book which will  
give you either a hearty laugh read "Opin-  
ions of Mary."

Or from

At all BOOKSELLERS and NEWS STANDS.

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**

Publisher 29-33 Richmond St. W. TORONTO

## Don't Forget When Packing Your Grip

to put in a copy of

## Sowing Seeds in Danny

BY

Nellie L. McClung

Cloth \$1.00

The book which has made the author  
famous

It is to your advantage to mention Busy Man's.



## A STORY OF SUCCESS

THAT is the kind of tale the progressive human likes to read. Its perusal is inspiring, and in briefly referring to the striking success of the

### Financial Post of Canada

it is only necessary to state that it is growing in a thoroughly gratifying manner, with the result that the *Post* has become the national, and at the same time an international, financial newspaper.

**CIRCULATION**—Not long ago a single week's subscription returns of the *Post* covered seven provinces and two foreign countries. The United States boundaries of another week's returns were Massachusetts on the east and California on the west, and in Canada the Maritime Provinces and the Great Lakes.

Subscriptions have been received recently, too, from France, India, Holland, the Fiji Islands, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and lastly from Madrid.

**AND IN ADVERTISING**—The *Post*, every two months this year to date, has equalled its fine increase for the entire two/twelve months of 1908.

#### IN FINANCIAL AFFAIRS AND INVESTMENTS THE POST KNOWS

EVERY SATURDAY ————— \$3.00 PER YEAR

ASK FOR SAMPLE COPY

### THE FINANCIAL POST

10 Front Street East, Toronto

Montreal Winnipeg New York Chicago Paris London

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*.

## How do you KNOW that you are getting all the time ? for which you are paying wages ?

We are manufacturers of the  
**ORIGINAL  
DEY MACHINE**



ANY system of recording the arrival and departure of employees that is dependent for its success upon the honesty and energy of a clerk, is liable to go wrong. Every timekeeper has his friends, his prejudices, and his weaknesses. He is only human.

For instance, consider the

### Dey Dial Time Recorder

shown in the cut. Its mechanism is adjusted and regulated to the highest pitch of absolute accuracy. It cannot go wrong unless tampered with. When engineering "in" or "out" the workman revolves the pointer until it is opposite his number; then he presses it into the corresponding hole, and his exact time of arriving or leaving is automatically recorded. Late arrivals are automatically shown in ink of a different color to that of the prompts.

This clock is only one of many designs. We have clocks to suit every kind and size of business. Every one of them is entirely mechanical—they cannot cheat, lie or show favor.

No matter how large or small your business, we have a clock that will suit you.

Write us for illustrated literature.

### THE INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDING CO.

of Canada, Limited.

25 Alice Street - - Toronto, Canada

For Coffee, Cocoa  
and Baby, too



Manufactured by Canadians

**AYLMER CONDENSED MILK CO.**

Limited

AYLMER, ONTARIO, CANADA

## A VACATION IN THE PINE WOODS

Go back to business feeling like a new man. No tired, listless feeling like that which generally accompanies a short sojourn at the seaside. The cool and balsamic atmosphere of the wilds is so rejuvenating, so refreshing.

Just on the edge of civilization, amidst high wooded lands, streams and lakes of purest water abounding in fish. A veritable paradise for the canoe and rod lover among the wooded islands and inlets of beautiful

### Temiskiming Lake

A lake of the North Land, in the heart of the Laurentian Hills, brought by the railroad to within a few hours of your city, giving you the same opportunity to enjoy a visit to the Wild Lands of Picturesque Canada as the man who has weeks of leisure at his command.

The climate is unexcelled—cool nights for rest and recuperation after the day's outing.

Every convenience of a New York Hotel will be found at

## The "Bellevue" Hotel

Charmingly situated, amid trees and shrubbery on the shore of the lake. Gasoline Launches, Boating, Lawn Tennis, Bowling on the green and alleys, Billiards and Dancing. Ice cold Laurentian Water piped from springs in the Hills. Hot and cold baths on all floors, sanitary conveniences, electric lighting. Modern in every way—an ideal place to spend your summer vacation.

Gladd to send you full information and beautiful booklet

Write "The Manager, TEMISKIMING, P.Q."

Open for season 1909, June 25th.

Boats leave the Hotel Wharf daily for the famous Cobalt Silver District, calling at Haileybury, Liskeard and intervening points.

## Try This New Castle Brand "RIALTO"

3 for 50c

The  
Collar  
of  
Comfort



Made in  
Berlin by

At 2 for 25c. you  
can buy this shape  
in Elk Brand named

*W.F.R.*

"RUTLAND." 101

## LEATHER GOODS



Fine Stock Perfect Goods Sure Value

**LADIES' HAND BAGS  
WRITING PORTFOLIOS  
LETTER and CARD CASES  
COMBINATION WALLETS, PURSES**

Very Newest Styles, Makes and Leathers

**BROWN BROS. Limited**

Manufacturing Stationers

51-53 Wellington St. West Toronto